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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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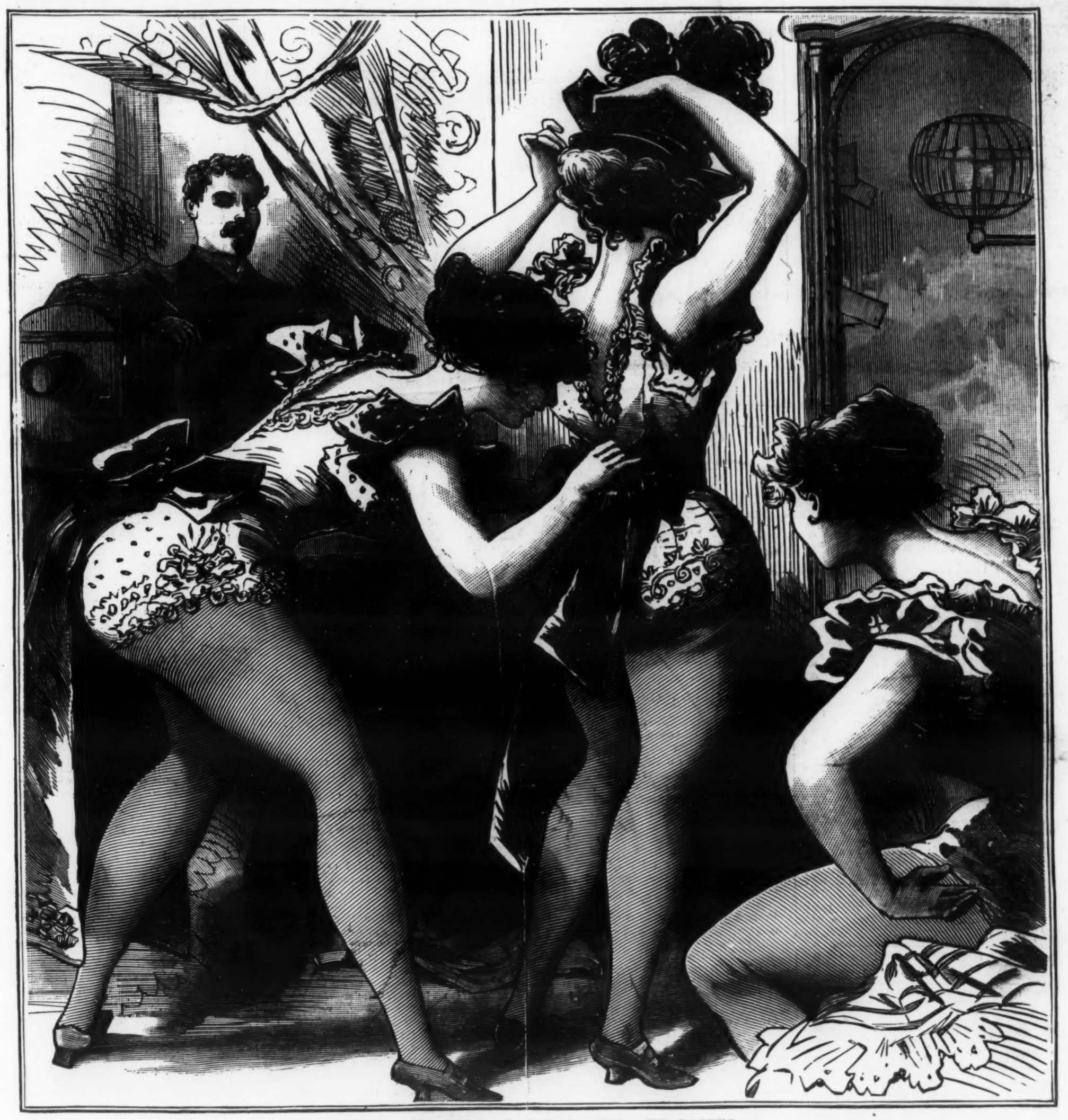

HOW THEY LOOK IN TIGHTS.

TRIO OF PITTSBURG, PA., BEAUTIES HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN AS BURLESQUERS.

The National Police Gazette
The Leading Illustrated Sporting Journal in the World
Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
NEW YORK AND LONDON

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FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

The Bartender's Column

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

SALOON KEEPERS, HOTEL MEN, AND THE BOYS BEHIND THE BAR,

Was originated by the

Police Gazette

NEW RECIPES FOR NEW DRINKS EVERY WEEK

And a portrait of a well-known man

Photographs and Brief Personal Paragraphs Solicited.

Don't forget that the Half-tone Supplements will draw trade if they are framed and exhibited.

RICHARD K. FOX,
New York.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST

CONCERNING THE STAGE LIVES AND DOINGS

OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can Be Found Many Items Which Will Interest Performers as Well as Theatre-Goers.

PROFESSIONALS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS.

Brief Complimentary Personal Paragraphs Solicited for the Popular Dramatic Page of the "Police Gazette."

Bessie Taylor and Cissy Grant are doing a clever sister act.

☆ ☆

The Elinore Sisters will open on the Keith circuit on Sept. 3.

☆ ☆

Mike Bernard, the holder of the "Police Gazette" championship medal for rag-time piano playing, has placed himself under the management of Sam Harris, who is well known as the man who has brought Terry McGovern to the front.

☆ ☆

Edmund Day, the well-known sketch writer, has been appointed manager of Stock's Riverside Park, Detroit, Mich.

☆ ☆

Marie Wainwright will have a new one-act play by Justin Huntley McCarthy for use in vaudeville next season.

☆ ☆

Billy McClain, the colored comedian, has signed a six months' contract with Harry Rickards, the Australian manager.

☆ ☆

Grace E. James, of the team of Wooster and James, has signed with the Morris Vick Vaudeville Company for next season.

☆ ☆

Lombard, Raymond and Lombard have been engaged for Murphy's Masqueraders for next season, to play parts and do specialties.

☆ ☆

Filson and Errol, assisted by H. S. Godfrey, will next season appear in a new sketch called "The Man Across the Way," written for them by Frank Bunman. They have their entire season booked, with the exception of a very few weeks.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT TWAIN
CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS. Their lives and battles in the ring. Published separately in book form. Price by mail 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

Collins and Ma Dell are booked in the Eastern parks until Aug. 13.

☆ ☆

The Engstrom Sisters have signed for Sam Devere's company next season.

☆ ☆

Laura Bennett and Sallie Stembler are making a hit in their new sketch, written by G. M. Cohan. They open on the Orpheum circuit Aug. 5, returning in time to open with Reilly and Wood's company, with which they are engaged for next season.

MILLIE EDDY.

Dainty Acrobatic Toe Dancer whose Cleverness has Made Her Famous Throughout the West.

☆ ☆

Artie Hall made a big hit at the Wonderland, in Detroit, singing "I'm Livin' a Rag-Time Life" and "My Genuine Georgia Gal."

☆ ☆

Murphy and Nolan have joined the stock company at the Coliseum, Hartford, Conn., and will play comedy parts in the burlesque.

☆ ☆

W. A. McConnell has decided to enter vaudeville as a monologist. He will make his debut at the Masonic Temple, Chicago, on July 15.

☆ ☆

Kitty Gilmore and Lillian Maynard made a big hit singing Harry von Tilzer's latest success, "My Jersey Lily" at Proctor's Theatre in Albany.

☆ ☆

Oscar Hammerstein has decided to send the entire company now appearing at the Victoria Roof Garden over to the London Hippodrome in the fall.

☆ ☆

The Chappelle Sisters played Glen Echo Park, Washington, D. C., and their act scored quite a hit. They have been booked for a return date in August.

☆ ☆

Weston and Allen are meeting with much success in their new act, "The Rent Collector." They have three more engagements to fill in Chicago before returning to New York to join Robinson and Chandler's company for next season. They opened at Sunnyside Park, June 24, with Masonic Roof and Sans Souci Park to follow.

☆ ☆

Koppe, the club juggler, is meeting with great success, playing Western parks.

☆ ☆

Lillian Beach has signed with Watson's American Burlesquers for next season.

☆ ☆

Jacobs and Van Tyne have opened their summer park at New Brunswick, N. J.

☆ ☆

Charles Kenna has signed with the Kings and Queens Burlesque Company for next season.

☆ ☆

Griff Williams, of Williams and Mellburn, is the manager of Palm Garden, Morristown, N. J.

☆ ☆

Pauline Moran, now playing the Keith circuit, will sail on Aug. 16 for Europe, where she is booked for two years.

☆ ☆

The Ramblers, European jugglers, who do an act similar to that of the Agoust Family, have been engaged for the Cherry Blossom Grove. They open this month.

☆ ☆

Frank Mallory and his wife, of Isham's Octoroons, are spending their vacation at Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Mallory will direct the stage for Mr. Isham next season.

☆ ☆

Fred De Noe and Fannie Trumbull have been engaged for the James D. Flynn and Ollie Mack attractions. They are spending the summer at Centreville, Ind.

☆ ☆

James E. Rome and Marguerite Ferguson made a hit in the skit, "Mr. Fiotz, the Floorwalker," at the Casino, Toledo, O. The press notices were very complimentary.

☆ ☆

Bettina Gerard, who appeared two weeks ago in New York at the Lion Palace Music Hall, making a distinct success, played Saratoga and duplicated her New York hit.

☆ ☆

Mlle. Proto has returned to the city from an engagement over the Kohl and Castle circuit. She will remain in New York a few days, when she will visit her people in Boston.

☆ ☆

Arthur Ledyard, an aeronaut, was drowned in Lake Erie, near Toledo, on June 21. The accident was due to the collapsing of the balloon, which had drifted out over the lake.

☆ ☆

Maude Caswell and Arthur Arnold will play a return engagement of two weeks at Henderson's Music Hall, Coney Island, in August, and a return date at Pastor's during the same month.

☆ ☆

Carol Birdsall, who has played Proctor's Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street houses, scored a hit with her recitations and songs. She met with a flattering reception at every performance.

☆ ☆

Wilfred Clarke will appear in vaudeville this month in George Henry Trader's comedy sketch, "Oscar's Birthday." Mr. Clarke will be supported by a company of four, which will include Minnie Monk.

☆ ☆

Gertrude Haynes and her Choir Celestial made such an extraordinary hit at Brighton Beach Music Hall that Manager William T. Grover re-engaged her, again making her act the feature of the bill.

☆ ☆

Leopold Weston and Byrne's Metropolitan Stars will tour Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and then go to the coast. The company will consist of ten high-class vaudeville acts.

☆ ☆

Bruns and Nina were re-engaged at Ferris Wheel Park, Chicago. Bruns joined the Maccabees recently. He will take out a repertoire company next season. During the summer the team will play the Orpheum circuit.

☆ ☆

The three Murray Brothers, Francois Devilliers, R. H. Mohr, Charles H. Simerson, John F. Dillon, Greg Patti, Margaret Ashton, Yonna, George Fuller Golden, William Cahill Davies and R. Burt Helms appeared at the Atlantic Yacht Club smoker on June 23.

☆ ☆

Bettine K. Phillips will soon finish a monologue sketch for Daniel Sutherland, which introduces him as a boy tragedian. One of the special features of this sketch will include an impersonation of Henry Irving in "The Bells," and of Richard Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

☆ ☆

Zelma Rawlston has been singing the title role in "Carmen" in the upper part of the State for the past two weeks, and critics speak in glowing terms of her rendition of the character. After finishing her vaudeville dates over the Keith circuit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver, Chicago, and the Orpheum circuit, she will return to New York city next September and will be seen in "Carmen" at one of the principal theatres.

☆ ☆

William C. Cushman, whose work as a character actor has won for him a reputation, has, after a separation of three years, again joined hands with his former partner, W. Jay Ryan. They are doing a new character act, and the indications are that they will head their own company. They will be known by the old team name of Ryan and Cushman. The new act gives ample opportunity for both to display their talents to advantage.

Sporting Reference Books
"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Card Player," "The Coiner's Guide," "Dog Pit." Price, 25 cents each, postpaid. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS are Requested TO SEND CHARACTER PHOTOS to the Police Gazette

HUNDREDS MEET DEATH IN BURNING STEAMSHIPS

Piers at Hoboken, N. J., Burned and the Three Great Vessels of the North German Lloyd Lines Charred Wrecks.

MEN AND WOMEN DIE IN AGONY

Caught Below Decks They Were Slowly Consumed, While Their Piteous Cries For Help Were Heard By Hundreds.

The most dreadful and sensational conflagration which has ever visited the East is now a thing of the past, and the ashes of many of the dead have been washed out of existence in the Hudson river. Concerning the matter of lives lost no human being will ever know the exact number, although a general estimate puts it at 325, to say nothing of the injured and the missing ones. So far as the property destroyed is concerned the amount swept away by the flames is in the neighborhood of $5,000,000.

The mere fact of the burning up and destroying of three big steamships, the wharves at which they were lying and the tremendous amount of goods stacked roof high are as nothing compared to the sensational incidents which marked the holocaust, the wholesale and fearful destruction of human life, the fruitless fight for life of the men who were caught like rats in a trap below decks, and the agonizing screams and piteous appeals for help of the dying. Imagine the picture of a row of pain-distorted faces peering out of 11-inch portholes, begging to be rescued by men who were compelled to look on and see them die. It seems as if the awful horror of the fire fiend has reached the climax, and that no more ingenious or soul-racking torture could have been devised.

The fire started from a spark on one of the North German Lloyd piers at Hoboken, N. J., and inside of five minutes wrapped in flames all the piers adjoining and fired the Saale, the Bremen and the Main, three trans-atlantic liners moored and unable to move away in time to escape. Fire brigade after fire brigade responded to the hurried alarm, and the crews of the three ill fated vessels began to work for their very lives. The first to swing clear, burning from stem to stern, was the Saale, and the men who came to the rescue in tugs saw heads stuck out of little port holes and brawny arms summoning help. Half of the crew were down in the hold cut off from the deck, and no human power could possibly help them.

The alarm of fire extended across the river to New York, and a fleet of fire tugs with steam already up for just such an emergency, sped across and began to pour water over the mass of heated steel and iron.

By this time the Main and the Bremen had been cut away, and they, too, floated out into the ebb tide, each with a cargo of doomed souls aboard shrieking like maniacs for help.

Capt. Mirow's Heroism.

There is not the space in this paper to tell all the fearful tales of this great calamity, but there is enough to give a general idea of the horror of it. Through it all one figure stands out heroically against the dark background. It is that of Capt. Mirow, the commander of the Saale. His superb heroism in a splendid, stubborn effort to save his ship, cost him his life. He died to save her and the hundreds aboard, his life bound up in the life of his command.

The first warning found him on deck. The cry passed upward from the pier, and with it the echo—"Save the ships!" Schaeffer, the first officer, and Mirow were aft.

Mirow took in at a glance, his companions say, the danger that beset them. Those of the crew within hail, at his order, beat to quarters.

"Cast off the lines!" he roared.

There was no one shoreward. The flames roared across and the Saale was in the fold of doom.

"An axe—cut loose forrard!" yelled Mirow.

The crew on the fo'castle head chopped and hacked at the lines. They fell one by one; the Saale was free. Mirow stepped back from the rail, crossed through the waist and appeared at the port side. Zander, the second officer, saw his danger.

This was the last human view of Mirow alive. That same day, when the blackened, dripping tomb of the Saale was searched, a few fragments of what had once been a human being were found near the port rail where Mirow had been. Beside it lay the molten remnants of a pearl-handled knife and a few links of heavy gold chain. These had been Mirow's. There, too, was a fragment of his log.

Desperate Man's Tragic Suicide.

This is told by Captain Moran of the tugboat Ivins. He was one of the rescuing force, and just as he passed one of the portholes of the floating Saale, an arm was thrust out. He drew up as close as possible, so he could look in.

"There was a man seated on the locker in the stateroom, writing as if his life depended upon it. I tried to attract his attention, but if he heard me he gave no sign. While I watched the door of that stateroom began to burn. To my horror the man imprisoned in the little room, instead of trying to move over to the other side of the stateroom away from the fire, coolly picked up a revolver that he had evidently prepared beforehand, and, placing the muzzle to his temple, killed himself before my very eyes.

"On thinking about this awful tragedy later, I made up my mind that he saw us passing and tried to attract our attention by screaming. He then wrote the note intending to throw it out through the porthole, and was so engrossed in this occupation that he did not hear when I got the tug back again and tried to get his attention."

A Woman's Dying Message.

Out of the vortex of horror comes this story of a woman's love for home and mother so strong and true that it fairly conquered the agonies of death.

It was told by August Dose, one of the engineers of the Kaiser Friedrich, in charge of a lifeboat from that ship. Ten men were at the oars, and Dose was standing in the stern sheets while he guided the boat through the fleet of tugs which hovered about the Saale.

Suddenly his boathook stuck in an open port, and the lifeboat's way was checked. For out from that deadlight came a woman's wail so full of anguish and despair that it froze the blood in the veins of the listeners.

The officer struck against the iron sides of the steamer to command attention.

"Courage, sister!" he cried in his native tongue. "Have patience a little longer. We will cut a way in and rescue you."

"Too late! Too late! Ach, Gott in Himmel!" was the answer. And then, in a calmer voice: "Listen, I want to speak to you."

An arm, blackened and blistered by soot and heat, appeared at the open port, and then a face so swollen in its horror of agony that the rough men turned away from the spectacle.

"Listen, my friend," she said. "I have a message. Remember it. It is too late to save me. My room is on fire, and you cannot come to me. I am dying. It will soon be over. I am a stewardess, Fraulein Holbe, from Rothenberg, near Hanover."

Just then a tongue of flame shot out of the port over the woman's head. It licked her face, a demoniac tongue. But she did not seem to feel it. She had but one thought now—her mother.

"I want you to send a message to my mother," she said. "Tell her, dear man, that my last thought was of her. Don't forget the name. She is Frau Holbe, of Rothenberg. Tell her to take all my money in the bank. It is hers. Tell her her child died loving her. Tell her"——

Then a burst of flame and the face at the porthole disappeared. With fond words on her swollen tongue the leal and steadfast daughter died.

Held Crucifix to Lips of Dying Men.

A priest of the Church of Rome has made a name for himself which will live forever. He is Father John Brosnan, friend of the emigrant, and of the Mission of our Lady of the Rosary. He was at the Battery sea wall when the fireboat New York came in with her first load of dead and dying. He helped to attend to them, and then he asked of a fireman:

"Are there others?"

"Father, there is worse, if you have the nerve to face them. There are men burning to death before one's eyes on the steamer. But the sight is too awful to bear. You better not go, Father."

"My good man," said Father Brosnan, "if men are suffering and dying there is the place for me to go. How can I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the tugboat Mutual. The priest stepped on board, and the big tug steamed over to Communipaw flats, where the doomed Saale was slowly settling to the bottom.

She swung in under the gray shell as close as Captain Roberts dared to go. The priest, standing in the bow of the tug, sturdy, impressive—a figure to inspire awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him.

As the tug rounded to under the stern of the settling vessel, he saw right in front of him a human face wearing a look of agony. It was the face of a young man, but it looked like the face of seventy. The bloodshot eyes had little of life or intellect left in them. For three hours the man had been in agony—three hours—an eternity!

The priest stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction.

The dying man opened his eyes. They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk English, but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, repellant look.

A Marvelous Escape.

When the Main had been towed out and beached side by side in the mud of the Jersey side with the Bremen, the tugmen saw a lantern waving at an open port.

The tug Colonel E. A. Stevens dashed in and hung in the smoke and fire under the coal port. Then she took off fifteen of the engine room force who had lived all through the hell of heat and smoke. It was a marvelous rescue.

The men were under decks, roofed in under a fire whose heat melted iron and warped and twisted the red-hot steel. Every outlet was closed except one, and that they thought of.

From a coal bunker above fuel is passed down a chute to the engine room floor. It is a sort of chimney. The men climbed up this one after another until they stood on the main deck. There they forced open the coal doors and waited in an inferno of smoke and flame for help.

To-day the three vessels are lying helpless, almost shapeless wrecks, the Saale on the Jersey flats, with her stern towards Liberty Island; the other two up the river near Weehawken, laying in toward the shore.

RESCUERS AT WORK.

Many were Saved from a Watery Grave by New Jersey's Brave-hearted Boatmen.

BOOKS WORTH READING

"The Fate of a Libertine," "Devil's Compact," "Woman and Her Lovers," "A Fatal Sin," and "A Parisian Sultana" 25 cents each. Mailed to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

POLICE GAZETTE

GALLERY AND REVIEW OF

POPULAR RESORTS

Burke Brothers' Famous Circular Bar at Providence, R. I.

HANDSOMEST IN THE STATE.

A. M. Bloom's Palace Hotel Bar, a Fine Cafe at Windber, Pa.

(No. 49—With Photo.)

One of the most artistic, as well as the handsomest, saloon in New England, is that one at 15 to 27 Eddy street, Providence, R. I., which is owned by the Burke Brothers, two men who occupy a prominent position in the world of business as well as of sport.

The bar is a circular one and is intersected at four points with handsome pillars of Mexican onyx. The entire establishment is trimmed with hard woods and no expense has been spared to make the place a particularly attractive one.

All of the sporting fraternity frequent the place, which is very well patronized by the best citizens and business men of the city.

Burke Brothers employ three bartenders, who are said to be the best and most expert trio of mixers in the State. They are all good fellows and can mix anything on the calendar. They are John Dake, Thomas P. Smith and John C. Connors, and they are all sports, willing to take a chance at the track or back a favorite at the ringside.

PALACE HOTEL BAR.

(No. 50—With Photo.)

One of the most popular saloons in Windber, Pa., is the Palace Hotel Bar, owned and managed by A. M. Bloom, that prince of good fellows and most genial of bonifaces. The Palace bar is very handsomely furnished, and owing to the prominence of the owner enjoys a most extensive patronage, not only among the sporting element, but the best people of the town.

Bloom has a couple of pretty good bartenders in his employ, but he neglected to send their names, which unfortunately prevents them from being chronicled and praised here.

However, the bartenders column is open to them, as it is to every other bartender in the business, and if they will send their names to the editor he will see that they receive the recognition to which they are entitled.

The POLICE GAZETTE requests all bartenders and saloonmen in general to send in a paragraph about themselves or their friends occasionally for publication.

A. O. SHEIRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A. O. Sheiry is proprietor of the Fairview House, Northampton, Pa., one of the coziest places in the country to spend a pleasant summer vacation. Electric cars pass the door every twenty minutes. Adjoining the hotel Mr. Sheiry has erected a large hall used for lodge meetings, etc., and without a doubt is the finest hall of its kind in this part of the State. There are several rooms for rent on the second floor and any man wishing to go into a small profitable business can sow his seed here and prosper. The proprietor is a jolly fellow and has a smile for everyone he meets. He always has the POLICE GAZETTE on file and says it is the only reliable journal of its kind published.

HOW THEY LOOK IN TIGHTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It doesn't make any difference where the three well known young women of Pittsburg, Pa., got their costumes, the fact is they were pictured in them, and that one of the photographs went astray and fell into the hands of a man who thought it was a good joke. He sent it to a newspaper, it was published and there you are. The girls thought it would be a great lark to have their photographs taken in tights and it was. They paid a photographer enough to insure his silence and then they posed as queens of burlesque, water queens, comic opera nymphs, etc., etc. The results show they are worthy candidates for the front row of the Casino, and if the genial Mr. Lederer knew their addresses there isn't the slightest doubt he would make them a magnificent offer to pose for the coming season.

A LITTLE WONDER

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Contains records of every branch of sport illustrated with half-tone portraits of the champions. 10 cents, from your newsdealer or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

The Police Gazette of To-day is a Most Valuable Aid to the Saloonman and Bartender---Watch Its Tricks

THE SIMPSONS.

HE IS THE POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPION DRUMMER, AND IS GOING ABROAD TO DEFEND HIS TITLE.

MAZIE KING.

SHAPELY DANCER, A PUPIL OF PROF. ALVIENE WHO IS MAKING A ROOF GARDEN HIT.

MANICE MATTHEWS.

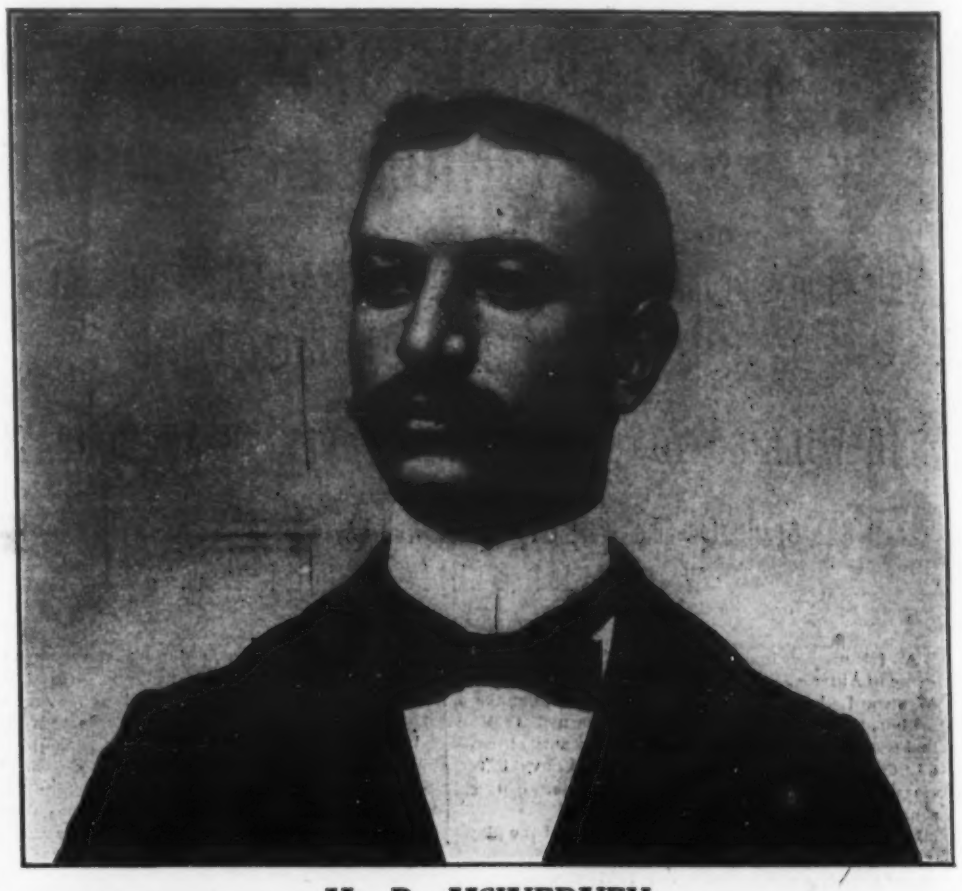
TALENTED AND BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS WHO HAS GONE IN THE VAUDEVILLES WITH AN ACT.

VESTA TILLEY.

CLEVER AND UNUSUALLY VERSATILE ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO WILL SHORTLY VISIT AMERICA.

PATSEY SHEPPARD.

PROPRIETOR OF A NOTED SPORTING RESORT IN BOSTON, AND OWNER OF A COLLECTION OF SPORTING PICTURES.



M. P. McINERNEY.

THE CRACK BARTENDER AT THE CALIFORNIA BREWERY, THE LARGEST RESORT IN BUTTE CITY, MONT.

PAT CHAPPELL.

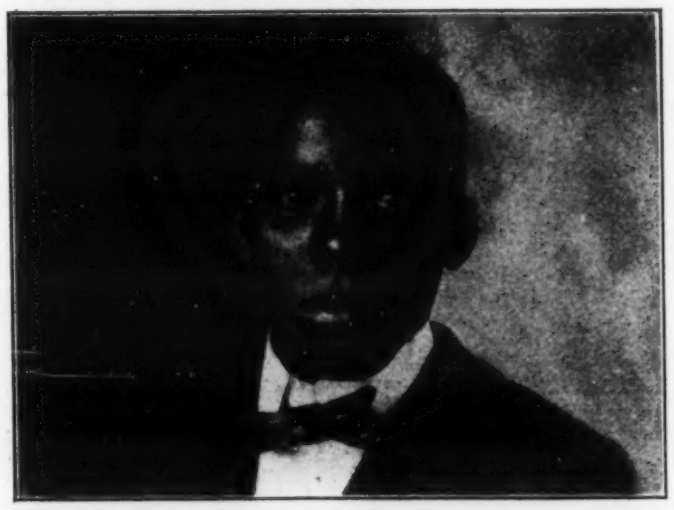
PART OWNER OF TWO BIG AMUSEMENT RESORTS AT TAMPA, FLA.

FRANK A. TERNETZ, JR.

TENDS BAR FOR ROSE HILL EXCHANGE AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

FRED ANDE.

AMATEUR DRUMMER AND ALL-AROUND SPORT OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.



CON SAWYERS.

HE IS THE CHAMPION COLORED BOOTBLACK, DOING BUSINESS AT TOLEDO, O.

WALTER SPANN.

EXPERT YOUNG MUSICIAN AND CLEVER PEDESTRIAN OF LUXORA, ARK.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

SPORT, FAMOUS ATHLETE AND BARBER OF HARTFORD, CONN.

VIC. C. CANTRELLE, JR.

OWNER OF THE RICHARD K. FOX BARBER SHOP AT DONALDSONVILLE, LA.

RICHARD STAATS.

POPULAR YOUNG SPORTING MAN AND BOXER OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STEPHEN FIGLIOLA.

AN INGENIOUS PHILADELPHIAN WHO HAS INVENTED A FAMOUS SHAMPOO.

LITTLE INDIAN MAIDEN

WHO ONCE SAVED A CATTLE KING'S LIFE

INHERITS A MILLION

This Story From the Far Southwest Reads Like a Romance, but it is True Nevertheless in Every Detail.

SHE WILL GO TO COLLEGE AND RECEIVE AN EDUCATION.

When She Graduates She Will Come Into Her Fortune, and She Will Then be the Wealthiest Indian Girl in the United States.

An Irishman of brains and genius, John Dillion, who came to America on an emigrant ship and started Westward with an empty pocket, died not long ago a millionaire, and after his death it was learned that he had left an Indian girl—and not a great beauty either—$1,000,000. There is all the romance of a novel in the story and it has given the entire Western country something to gossip about.

Dillion was born in Ireland, where he spent the playful days of his life. Coming to America as an emigrant, he wandered out to Texas, where he struck it rich in the cattle business. He owned vast tracts of territory along the Rio Grande, and every year shipped great herds of cattle to Indian Territory. On each of these occasions he always went into the Territory with his cattle. After each and every sale he started in to consume large quantities of fire water, and when he recovered the use of his vocal and mental organs went back home a man with a past.

Seven years ago John took a large herd to the Territory, was paid in cash and began to look for a drink.

At that time the old Texan had in his employ a half-breed Cherokee, Bill Hawk. This rascal happened to be present when Dillion received the large sum of money in bills, which he saw the old man roll together and put in his pocket. The elated Texan after taking several more drinks than he needed, decided to go out to a pasture about ten miles from Chickasha, where he had a fine herd of cattle that were being looked after by some of his favorite Texan cowboys, and he asked Hawk to hitch up a buggy and go with him. The man was eager to go, but his conduct did not arouse any suspicion at the time.

The road to the pasture passed through a small Indian village, where Dillion had many acquaintances. When the old man reached this place several Indians and half-bloods gathered about his buggy and begged him to stay over night.

"You are just in time," said his friend, Black Wolf. "We are going to have a dance to-night."

This information pleased the rich Texan, and he at once got out of his buggy and went to the hut of his friend, Black Wolf, where it is suspected that water was not the principal beverage.

The old man's memory ever after was somewhat confused as to the events of the next few hours after he entered his friend's house. He remembered that he drank until he thought that he had about enough, and he had an indistinct recollection of having made a heroic effort to execute a scalp dance with an Indian girl. Then he was seized with a sudden desire to lie down in some secluded spot, where he could enjoy a night's rest undisturbed.

He supposed that he went to his buggy and got a blanket and sought a place that pleased him. Late in the night the old Texan felt something pulling at his arms, and when he opened his eyes he found that a little Indian girl was trying to wake him. As soon as the child saw that his eyes were open she whispered:

"Dillion, now you go putty quick. Hawk heap bad man. Putty soon he come. Him got big knife—kill white man—take hoss—take heap money. Me hear him talk. Him heap drunk. You go now."

The child ran away, and Dillion slipped from under his blankets and rolled them together. After placing his hat on one end of the roll and his boots at the other he crawled away a short distance and laid down under a tree to await further developments. He did not wait long before he saw a man cautiously approach the pile of blankets. The drunken assassin was deceived by the hat and boots. He thought that his victim was at his mercy, and he drew a big knife from his belt and drove it into the roll of blankets with all his strength. The next instant Hawk sprang into the air with a wild yell and fell dead across the blankets, with a bullet in his heart. Dillion had killed him.

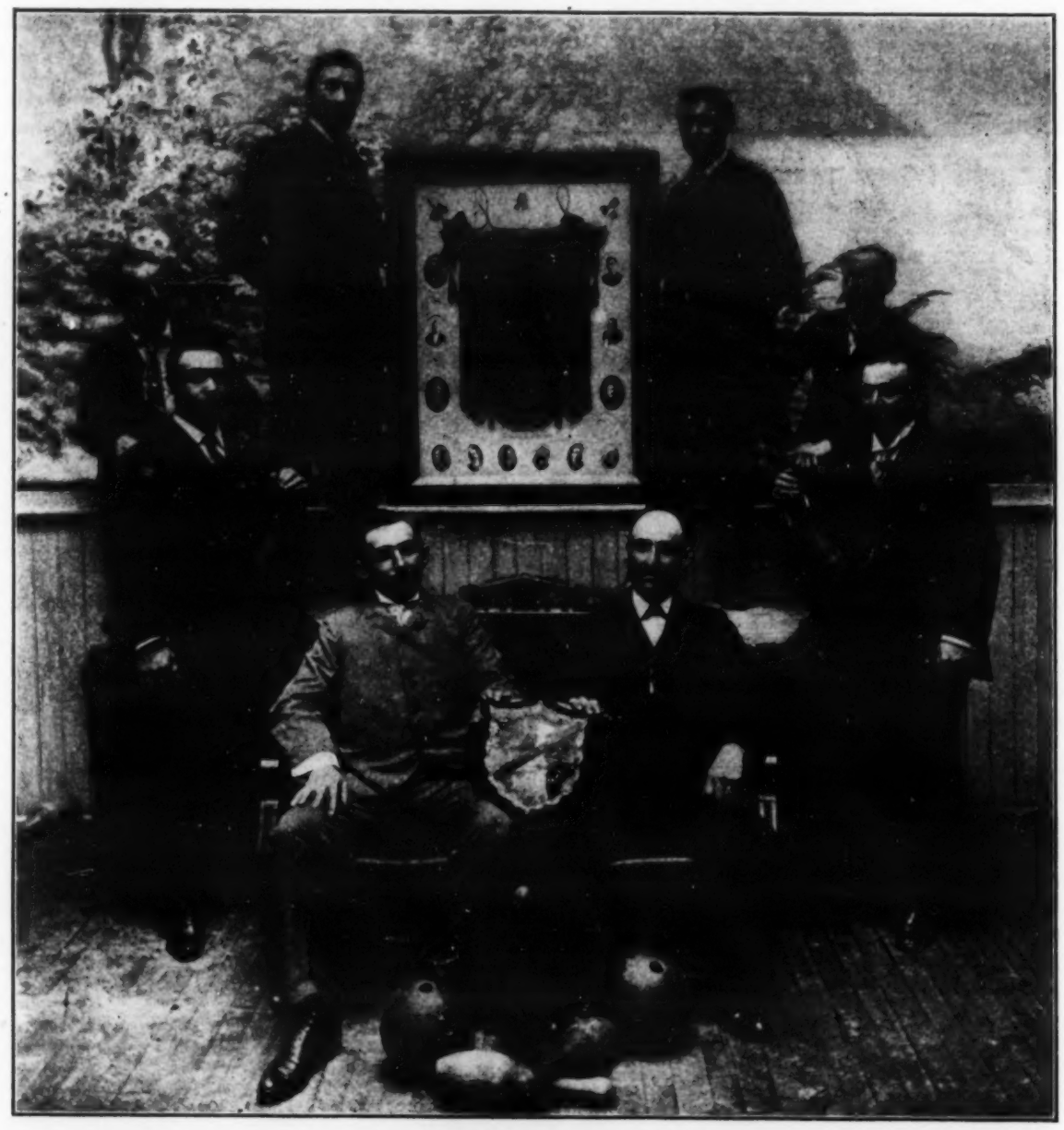
The old Texan never afterward was the same man. He continued to attend to his business and make money, but it was easy to see that there was a cloud on his mind. He never suspected his friend, Black Wolf, or any of the Indians of the village of having aided or abetted the assassin. He became attached devotedly to the Indian girl who had saved his life, and he finally got the chief's consent to let him educate her and make her his heiress. She was to be given to him when she became fourteen years old, but he died, and now the girl's future and fortune are in the hands of reliable and responsible persons. A prominent citizen of Presidio, who was in the millionaire's employ for nearly a quarter of a century, is the executor of his will, and he says that the Indian girl will inherit a fortune of $1,000,000 in cash that is with a safe deposit company in New York, and, besides this, when she is of legal age, or when she marries she will come into possession of a fine ranch on the Rio Grande that is well stocked with cattle, and one of the prettiest villas in Mexico.

"The old man knew well what he was doing," says the executor. "He became religious before he died, and actually thought the Indian girl had been selected by a higher power than himself to inherit his vast wealth and possessions. He employed one of the best lawyers in the United States to write his will, and he often declared that not a drop of his blood flowed in the veins of any living creature. He believed that the girl, guided by his will, would employ his fortune in a way that would be right."

A bishop will be the Indian girl's guardian, and an accomplished young woman of San Antonio, Tex., will be her companion. Together they will attend Hardin College, Mexico, where they will remain for three years.

Afterward they will go to some good school in the East, where the fortunate young girl may have an opportunity to complete her education. She will take her benefactor's name.

The girl is far above the average Kiowa maiden of her age, both in form and in intelligence. She is rather pretty, and her father always has guarded her carefully and kept her well dressed. The robe that she wears is valued at $500. It is ornamented with beads of silver and gold and elks' teeth that had been dipped in molten gold. This heiress cannot marry without the consent of her guardian, and it is said that her husband will have to be shrewd indeed if he ever finds any loopholes in old John Dillion's will to enable him to exercise much control over his wife's property.



LIEDERKRANZ BOWLING CLUB.

A Crack Toronto, Canada, Organization which will Compete in the International Tournament.

LIEDERKRANZ BOWLING CLUB.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The Liederkranz Club of Toronto is one of the foremost German societies of Canada, and has always ranked second to none in promoting manly sport. Especially is this the case with bowling, and seven members of Section A, Liederkranz Bowling Club, have carried off this year's trophy of the Toronto Bowling League, thus making the Liederkranz champions for two consecutive years.

The Liederkranz Bowling Club is entering its fourth year and consists of twenty members, sixteen of whom are active members, and seven of the latter comprise this year's champions. Their names are: Louis Gans, captain; Henry Nagel, individual champion of 1899, and second highest of 1900; H. H. Wells, A. J. Holtman, A. Marrer, G. Napolitana and L. Bez. The secretary and treasurer of the club is Mr. Jacob Zweifel. These eight comprise the contingent which arrived in New York to take part in the International tournament this month.

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OVER 1,000 RECIPES
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WALTER SPANN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Young Walter Spann, of Luxora, Ark., is not only a clever musician but a crack heel and toe walker, and he hereby challenges any boy under seventeen years to compete with him at any distance from one to five miles, for any amount up to $250. He is the champion of Arkansas.

CON SAWYERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Con Sawyers is said to be the champion colored bootblack of Toledo, O. He is employed at The Toledo Best Barber Shop, and he can find backing for a match for any amount of money.

VICTOR C. CANTRELLE, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Victor C. Cantrelle, Jr., of Donaldsonville, La., is one of the best and most popular barbers in that growing little city of the great Pelican State. Mr. Cantrelle is proprietor of the Richard K. Fox Shaving Saloon, on Railroad avenue, the principal thoroughfare of Donaldsonville, and is also constable of the Fourth Ward of the city. He is a leading member of one of the largest benevolent associations of his community and a prominent F. A. A. M.

MAZIE KING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Mazie King, who is at present pleasing the roof garden patrons, is an unusually clever and finished dancer. She is a graduate of Prof. Claude M. Alviene's famous school of dancing in the Grand Opera House, New York, and her brilliancy is due entirely to his careful training.

PAT CHAPPELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Pat Chappell is the senior partner of the firm of Chappell & Donaldson, owners and managers of the Buckingham and Mascotte Theatre Saloons, at Tampa, Fla. They run two variety halls and employ about twenty people. He is a great hustler and very popular.

FRANK A. TERNETZ, JR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank A. Ternetz, Jr., is the man behind the bar at the Rose Hill Exchange, St. Louis, Mo. He is a capable and conscientious young man. He has invented a number of new drinks, the recipes of which he intends sending to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication shortly.

NEWSY GOSSIP OF BALL PLAYERS

Items of Interest About the Doings of the Heroes of the Diamond.

Jimeson, the Indian pitcher, once tried by the Phillies, is now pitching for Youngstown, O.

Word comes from Chicago that Billy Hoy has sidestepped the players' union and joined the Silent Brotherhood.

Ziegler did not go to Syracuse, as he announced when released by the Phillies, but is playing third for Albany.

President Hart announced the other day that he had released Pitcher Killer unconditionally. Frank has failed to make good.

Bob Stafford, the new first baseman of the Syracuse Club, is a big fellow, but is active and has the appearance of being an energetic and hard worker.

Ewing has released Alderman Cogan. The latter is a fair pitcher, but needs experience in some minor league team before he can take his place in the big League.

Captain Ryan is not afraid to reprimand his players in public. He called McCarthy down for striking at a high pitch. Mac squared himself by making a hit that brought in two runs. Later, Jeems read the riot act to Childs for chasing a fly into right field and quitting on it when within reach of the ball. Ryan made the catch himself, and then gave a talk, punctuated with eloquent gestures.

Brooklyn keeps on winning, while the Philadelphia team is dropping fast. Third place is not far off, and at the present speed of the Quakers they will be down with the bunch pretty soon.

The poor attendance at the games in some cities this year has been the cause of much discussion among the magnates and also the players. The game is faster to-day than it ever was, and team play is farther advanced than in former years.

Frank De Haas Robison admits that he is somewhat disappointed over the work of his team, but is still confident that the Cardinals will finish one-two-three. He is positive that the Phillies will be found at the bottom of the first division before August.

Orth has been knocked out of the box five times this season. In two of these knockouts Maul and Bernhard went in and saved the games; the other three were lost. In seven other games in which Orth took part the Phillies won two, tied one and lost four.

All the minor leagues are stamping out rowdyism. Ahearn, of Albany, was the first New York League player to be made an example of. He struck Mullin, the Cortland pitcher, at Albany during a game. President Farrell fined him $25 and suspended him for a week.

Hugh Jennings has his troubles. Because he gave information to the newspapers about the Players' Union meeting the other Sunday, and because he was known to have had editorial aspirations at the beginning of the baseball season, he is now accused of being the Secretary of the new organization.

Colonel Pulliam has made a discovery. He claims that Deacon Phillippe is the bluest-blooded ball player in the league. Harry says that it is a fact that the deacon descended from the famous Phillippes of France, and that the cool-headed Pirate is a close relative of Charles Phillippe, who was king of France some moons ago.

Umpires claim that the St. Louis team is the worst in the league when it comes to making things unpleasant for the "autocrat of the field" and the spectators. President Robison promised this spring to see to it that his team behaved itself properly on the field, but, if such a thing is possible, Tebeau's men are indulging in more rowdy tactics this season than ever before.

SUMMER GIRLS FROLIC ON THE BEACH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

This is the time of the year when the summer girl—bless her, says everybody—is at her very best. If she doesn't show up in good form now, she never will. Down on the Jersey coast, at Asbury Park, there are enough summer girls to make a man delirious with delight, and they know how to enjoy themselves, too. Some of their privileges are curtailed, but that doesn't seem to make any difference. A law has been passed which compels policemen on night duty to provide themselves with electric lanterns and patrol the beach to break up courting parties, but it will not work, because the girls are resourceful creatures, and no law in the land can stop their love making.

The artist, who knows as much about beaches and girls as any artist in the world, and who has spent a few days at Asbury Park, has drawn a picture from life, and a reproduction of it appears on another page. He says he don't know who enjoyed the sport most, the man, the girl or the people who were looking-on.

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AUTHENTIC RECORDS
Athletic, Aquatic, Bicycle, Baseball, Turf and Pugilistic Records complete in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers, or direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Saloonkeepers and Barbers are Courteously Requested to Send in Personal Paragraphs for Publication

REYMAN, "THE LONE CYCLER"

COMPLETES HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY ON A BICYCLE

AROUND THE WORLD

Resumes the Story of His Marvelous and Blood-curdling Experiences From East Siberia to New York City.

SUPERNATURAL BEING IN MANY ORIENTAL COUNTRIES.

Deprivation and Hardships Wrought Fearful Changes in the Appearance of this Physical Giant---Almost Lost His Life Crossing the American Desert.

The accompanying illustration shows the change wrought through the efforts of a bicycle tour around the world recently completed by W. Reyman, "the Lone Cycler." Many readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will remember this daring adventurer whose life was at one time despaired of in the wilds of Manchuria, Northern China, but all doubt of his misfortune was relieved through a letter sent by him from Vladivastock, E Siberia, which was published in the POLICE GAZETTE over a year ago. In his letter he described a little of his experience from New York city. From that point to the land's end of Asia, where the second Siberian winter held him snowbound until June, 1899, nothing more was heard of him until a few days ago when he appeared in our office with the following narration:

"During my sojourn abroad I was quite an object of interest, attired in various costumes to meet the requirements of the climatic changes experienced rolling around the earth's sphere. One characteristic peculiar to a stranger at first sight was my long hair which was not cut nor have I shaved since the beginning of my world's tour Feb. 13, 1897. These with other eccentricities, although practical for this daring exploit, rendered my progress more difficult by the ignorant and superstitious inhabitants of the different countries through which I passed. For instance, in England I was suspected as Jack, the Ripper; in France paroled for a government spy; in Germany as a secret correspondent or private detective; in Russia I was locked up as a Russian Orthodox priest; in the far interior of Siberia it was rumored that I resembled their Saviour; in Manchu, Northern China, I was pursued by the semi-savages, who vowed I was a white devil with a nefarious machine of hell, forboding their complete annihilation. Through the Hermit or Land of the Mist I figured as a supernatural Corean, healing the afflicted with court plaster and prescribing frequent applications of clean water to their filthy bodies, which, as a matter of fact, was the most essential remedy necessary. In Japan some of the officials regarded me as a Russian scout, and even in this country I was maltreated by illiterate and over-zealous town marshals, who held me up for a train robber or highwayman in disguise.

"Leaving Vladivastock I followed the needle of the compass through Corea, which journey like that to Manchuria was filled with trials and hardships, chiefly on account of the endless mountain ranges, so steep and rugged that a wheelbarrow cannot be pushed over them with safety, the numerous bridgeless streams and the scarcity of food, for the natives live nearly on an equal footing with their beasts of burden, which are mostly bullocks. These are housed under the same roof and stalled in the same room with only a rail or pole drawn between human and animal. The natives principally subsist on millet seeds, boiled whole or pounded into meal, which is mixed into a dough to the thickness and size of a wafer and laid betwixt two oak leaves. I took it for granted they were serving me with oak leaf sandwiches, but I preferred the (cow food) millet seeds boiled whole, with the leaves steamed, stewed grass and pickled roots for a side issue. This fare exists among the peasantry, who cannot even afford salt with their food, and rice would be to them what a Sunday dinner is to us at home. The better class live on rice, beans, fish and wild vegetables, such as the land will produce.

"The Corean is physically inferior to the Manchurian; less hostile and more accommodating. I did not fear to see them dashing across the rice fields with their short-handle hoes in one hand and holding on to their umbrella-size sombrero with the other, splashing the muddy sediment of the inundated rice beds high in the air in their maddening flight to see their supernatural (but bogus) countryman and his wonderful chariot. Invariably there would be a mob following me just to see the wheels revolve, as I was pushing it along; they having no idea it could be ridden. When nearing streams I would select the strongest buck in the lot, and then six to ten able-bodied men, the more the better. Placing one-half of these on each side of machine, I would command them to pick it up and cross the stream; then mounting on the shoulders of the one I held in reserve, would thus be borne to the opposite side. By giving them a few brass cash they would run in advance of me and wait at the next stream to render their service. This compliment cannot be conferred on the Manchurians, who will also follow you to the stream only to laugh at your entreaties for assistance, but on the contrary will wait until you are helpless in midstream when they will charge you with a fusilade of missiles from the shore.

"After the second week's journey across this rough and mountainous region, where, for six consecutive days I was lost up in the clouds, for I could neither see the sky nor earth, nothing, in fact, except the rugged cliffs under my hands and feet while creeping over these great mountain passes. Each day I was soaked to the skin from the drizzling but penetrating mist, which also began to affect the running parts of my machine so that I was obliged to head my course toward the Japan sea, which I struck at Port Wonson, from whence I took a steamer bound for Nagasaki, Japan, where I arrived on the fourth of July, 1899.

"My ride across the flowery island of the Mikado's kingdom was a source of joy and pleasure, for Japan is the garden spot of the world for bicycling. The roads being used for little else than jinricksha travel, are narrow but are nearly all macadamized and make the best kind of bicycle paths. They wind in and out among green groves of bamboo and mammoth gardens of wild flowers. At intervals of a mile there are small tea houses, or refreshment booths, where the cool and sparkling water from mountain springs is conveyed through bamboo reeds to little spraying fountains stationed about the house to operate mechanical toys for the comfort and amusement of the tourist. To a stranger the country assumes the appearance of a veritable fairy land in picturesqueness and grandeur. The Japs are very obliging, neat and tidy. This courtesy is mostly observed at the hotels, where, upon the arrival of a guest, he is requested to remove his shoes and slip his feet into a pair of native sandals; he is then escorted to the bath, after which he dons a 'Kimono.' His divested clothing is then aired, cleaned and pressed, ready for his disposal.

"The distance from Nagasaki to Yokohama is over 1,000 miles, which I made in three weeks, riding all the way excepting across the Hackaney mountain, next in size to the famous Mt. Fujiyama, now an extinct volcano, covered with perpetual snow. In olden times travelers were carried across the Hackaney mountain in sedan chairs, on the backs of coolies, but since the invasion of the railway this traffic is suspended, and consequently the road is neglected, like most of the roads in this country. At Yokohama I embarked on the U. S. Transport Warren, bearing the Colorado troops from Manila to San Francisco, where I landed in the latter part of August.

"From San Francisco I followed the Southern Pacific railroad through the snowsheds over the Sierra Nevada mountains, thence across the vast alkali beds of the Great American Desert, where again the privations of Siberia were recalled, only worse in the extreme. I could ride in Siberia, but it taxed the limit of my strength and endurance to push my monster machine over the barren waste of the far West; relying chiefly on the meagre diet of the section hands, who represented nearly every nation, from the 'auld sod where the shamrock grows,' to the 'slave coolie of the Orient.' Jumping trains for water and sleeping on the railroad embankment at night under the starry canopy of Heaven, with prowling and howling prairie wolves for companions.

"While fording the Weber river at a point called the Devil's Gate, in the Echo canyon, Utah, I was swept down stream by the torrent, and barely escaped drowning. A week later I got mired in quicksand and only saved myself by clinging to the wild sage brush that grew along the brink of the deceptive slough, and a fortnight later I was hurled into a barb-wire fence by the fury of a Nebraska tornado, which otherwise would have swept me and my machine across the level plateau like a toy balloon. I will never forget that frightful scene, which to my mind depicted the nearest approach to the end of the world that imagination could conceive. Buildings, live stock and trees were swept before the powerful elements like feathers, followed by roaring thunder, vivid flashes of lightning and a deluge of hail and rain. It lasted only three minutes. Had it lasted that long again I would have strangled on the spot.

"By the time I reached the Mississippi river the bicycle season was over, the days grew short, rainy weather set in, followed by frost and snow, that made my progress slow and difficult, being snow-bound sometimes for several weeks at one place, but in spite of the inclement weather I pushed towards the end of my arduous journey, which I completed in this city on the 24th of March, 1900."

W. REYMAN, "The Lone Cycler."

REYMAN, "THE LONE CYCLER."

How He Looked Before and After His Sensational and Dangerous Bicycle Ride Around the World.

JACK CHINN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is no man better known among the sporting fraternity of the foothills of California than John Chinn, owner of the Exchange Saloon and Lodging House at Jackson. He is the acknowledged leader in all sporting events, and owing to his popularity and affable disposition at the time of the organization of the Alpine Athletic Association in 1893, he was unanimously elected president, which position he held for five consecutive years with honor to the Association and credit to himself.

During his incumbency of the office his constituency comprised most of the leading business men of Amador County, and its treasury was liberally contributed to and in a prosperous condition. It was through his efforts that the much talked of Jim Jeffords, of California, heavyweight, made his debut in the fistic arena in a ten-round go with Jim Fell, of Virginia City, before the Association.

He has been a constant and enthusiastic reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for the past twelve years, and a copy can always be found on file at his place.

He is an all around sport, not only being an authority on pugilism and wrestling, he is the owner and admirer of a kennel of canines from a pug to a fine St. Bernard. George Washington, a bull terrier, who is now four years old, is the champion ratter of California, and can best any twenty-five-pound dog on the Coast.

Jack drives a span of chestnut sorrels which travel over the mountainous roads at a 2:25 gait.

Mr. Chinn will sail from New York this month to make an extended visit to his parents in England.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Sullivan, who looks enough like the great John L. to be his brother, is one of the most solid citizens of Milwaukee, Wis. He is a prominent member of the Milwaukee Driving Club and he is the owner of a fine string of promising colts, some of which will no doubt do a little record breaking this season. Incidentally it might be mentioned that Mr. Sullivan is the champion horseshoer of Wisconsin.

IN A MINUTE

All disputes settled by reference to the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Contains records of all sporting events and you can carry it in your vest pocket. Sold by all newsdealers or mailed direct to your address upon receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Defi to the "Police Gazette."

"Kid" Ostrom, of Poughkeepsie, will fight fifteen rounds with Jack McGrath, of Hyde Park, for the lightweight championship of the Hudson River Valley, at Hyde Park, on July 16.

I would like to make a match to wrestle any man in America, catch-as-catch-can, under 152 pounds, for any part of $500. ED. ADAMSON,
617 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

I would like to meet Eddie Connolly at 138 pounds at 3 o'clock or catch weights before some club in Philadelphia as I have friends there. Yours truly,
DANIEL SHARKEY,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Lorenzo Patella, the 19-year-old boy who claims to be the champion long-distance swimmer of Italy, has issued a challenge to meet any one in a match race across the Hudson river, New York. He is not particular as to what point of the river is selected for the race.

On behalf of Billy Ryan, champion 117-pound man of Russian Hill, I hereby challenge any 117 or 123-pound man in the word, Terry McGovern preferred. For further particulars address
MUTTINE FLANAGAN (Manager),
1919 Hyde Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I want to issue through your paper a challenge to any 105-pound wrestler in America to meet B. J. Byrnes, whom I manage. The match to take place in Baltimore for a side bet of $50 and the gate receipts, the referee to be someone agreeable to both sides. The bout to be for the best three out of five falls, catch-as catch-can style. As I claim the 105-pound championship for Byrnes in America I would like this match to decide it. Byrnes has never lost a fall yet out of twenty or thirty bouts. If anyone should accept my challenge in New York and would prefer to wrestle in that city if arrangements can be made we will wrestle there.
Yours truly,
GEORGE KERN,
1539 Asquith St., Baltimore, Md.

I, the undersigned, do hereby accept the challenge of Nicholas Longa of Orange, N. J., for shaving and hair cutting contest for the amount he named in the POLICE GAZETTE June 16. Man and money can be found at barber shop, Scotland street, Orange Valley, N. J.
GUISEPPE CAMPANA.

I am ready to meet in a boxing contest the hard hitting boilermaker, Joe Bane, in a limited-round or a finish fight for a purse of $25 to $100. The said boilermaker says he can defeat me easy. Now is his chance to prove it. I have plenty of money and am very anxious to get at the boilermaker for any amount.
Yours respectfully,
HENRY (KID) CONRAD,
49 Broome St., Brooklyn.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Jim Holloway, a pugilist of London, who was an adjutant in the Boer army, and who blew up the bridge at Fourteen Streams, it is reported in a Kimberley despatch, has been captured. Holloway was among a party of federals captured in the Western part of the Transvaal.

Joe Choynski, who has been on the road with a theatrical company, intends to return to the ring. He is looking for a match with Frank Childs.

Al Herford has posted $1,000 with Walter C. Kelley, of Buffalo, to bind a match between Joe Gans and Frank Erne for the lightweight championship.

Herb McKell, the Australian boxer has left Sydney for Broken Hill, whence he proceeds to Adelaide to join the steamer Warrigal for England. He will also visit America again.

Mike Donovan, of Rochester, received the decision over "Philadelphia Tommy" Ryan at the end of a fast twenty-round bout at Grand Rapids, Mich., the other night. The decision was a popular one.

Those who saw the windup between Ed. Denfass and "Scaldy Bill" Quinn in Philadelphia two weeks ago were about equally divided in their opinion as to which of the two had the better of the argument.

Terry McGovern and Frank Erne have been matched to box at the Madison Square Garden, July 16. Erne has got to knock out McGovern in ten rounds to win, which is bad matchmaking on the part of Erne.

Joe Gans, the colored lightweight, who is matched to box Young Griffo on July 10 at the Seaside Sporting Club, has been engaged by Matchmaker Mike Padden to meet George McFadden in a twenty-five-round go at the Broadway A. C. on July 20.

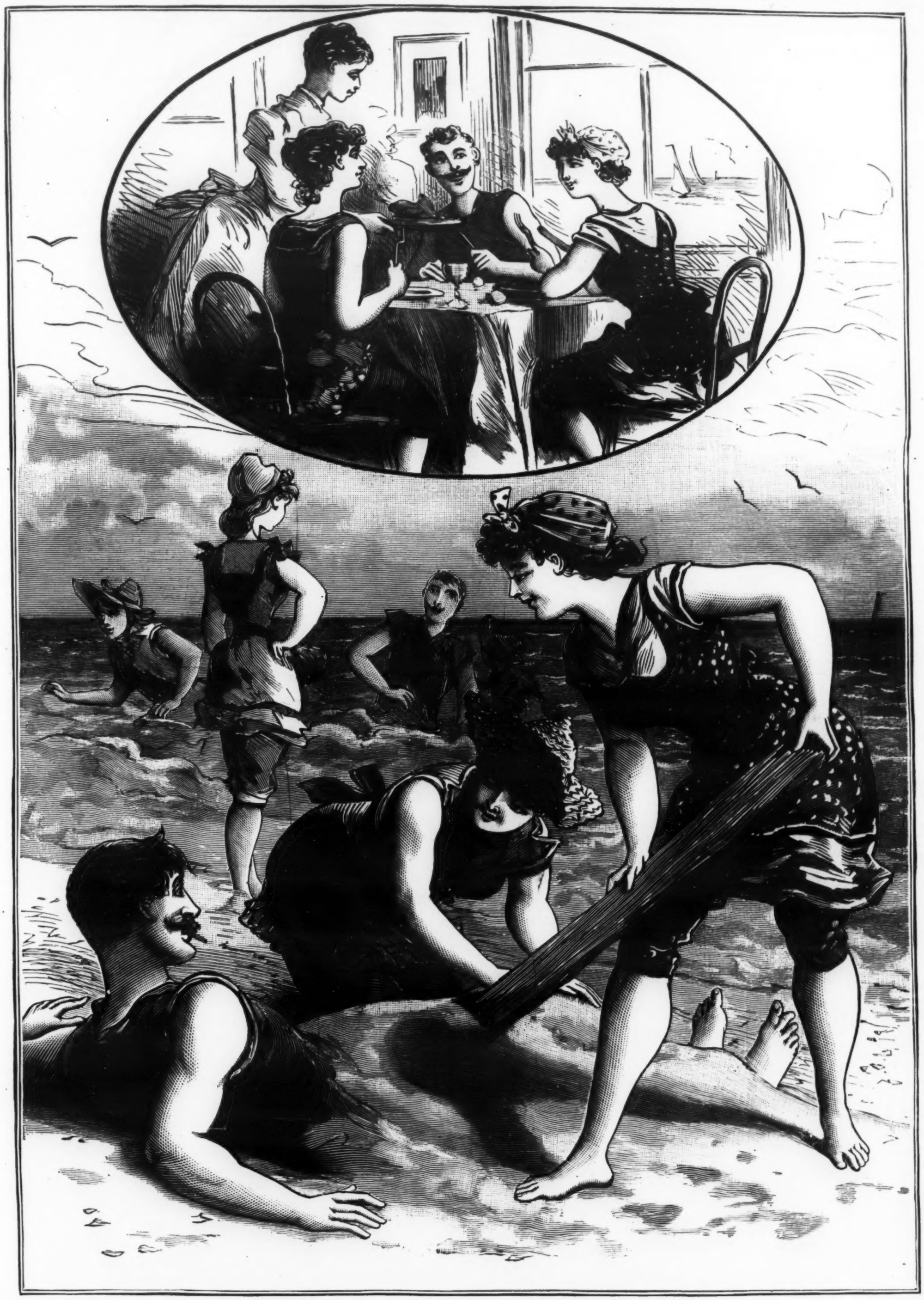
BIG AND LITTLE FIGHTERS

Their records up to date in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. A valuable guide to sporting events. Be sure you get it. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

MAKE UP A SPORTING GALLERY OF THE FAMOUS POLICE GAZETTE SUPPLEMENTS

HIGH KICKING FOR BONBONS.

A BEVY OF DIMPLED DARLINGS ESTABLISH NEW AMATEUR RECORDS AND HAVE A GOOD TIME IN A SUMMER BOARDING SCHOOL AT MEMPHIS, TENN.



SUMMER GIRLS FROLIC ON THE BEACH.

SHAPELY BELLES AT ASBURY PARK, N. J., DISPORT THEMSELVES ON THE SANDS AND ENJOY SOME REALLY COOL AND COSY TETE-A-TETES.

OUR INQUIRY DEPARTMENT IS

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

W. N. CHAMBERS, Portland, Ore.—Your friend wins.

C. D., Manhattan.—By some inadvertence it was omitted from the "Annual."

J. V. G., New York.—Who has the best battleships in the world? .....England and America.

W. B. W., Joue, Ore.—In cribbage, three sevens, one ace and tray, what does it count? .....Twelve.

W. M., Brooklyn.—Was Tom Sharkey knocked out by Gus Ruhlin in their recent encounter? .....Yes.

J. S. W, Galveston, Tex.—Was Jeffries marked or not in his fight with Fitz?.....Not to any extent.

———, Hamilton, O.—I would like to know the longest fight that Corbett had .....Peter Jackson, 61 rounds.

UNION HOUSE, Olneyville, R. I.—Where did Jem Carney, the fighter, hail from? .....Birmingham, Eng.

E. R., Niles, O.—Would like to know if a billion can be counted by one person and in how long?.....Try it.

N. H., Spring Valley, Ill—A bets B that five full on treys beat five full on aces, poker dice. Who wins?..... A.

F. C., Harvey, N. Dak.—Who was the first man to knock down John L. Sullivan in a ring fight?.....Charley Mitchell.

J. A. S., Rumford Falls, Me.—Who is the champion welterweight of the world now, Matthews or Connolly?.... Connolly.

G. H. E., Buffalo, N. Y.—A has 51, gets 8; B has 46, gets high, low, jack, game and left pedro. Who wins? .....A wins.

G. E. M., Fort Slocum, N. Y.—Tell me the number of rounds that the Sullivan and Kilrain fight lasted.....Seventy-five rounds.

HOPKINS, Los Angeles, Cal.—Draw poker; A opens jackpot; B and C stay; can A raise pot again, before drawing cards?.....No.

J. L. M., Harvard, Ill.—Pitch; A has 7 points and B has 9; A bids 3 and makes high, jack, game and B has low. Who wins?..... B wins.

C. O. E., Lestershire, N. Y.—Let me know how Frank Erne and George Dixon came out in their battles.....One draw and a victory for each.

KID MCCOMB, Evansville, Ind.—1. Do not know Speedy's present whereabouts. Write to him care *New York Clipper*. 2. Send along your photo.

BRUSO, Hoboken.—A bets B that Sharkey was knocked out by Ruhlin in their last fight; B claims he was not knocked out. Who wins?.....A wins.

C. Z., Chicago.—Did John L. Sullivan ever win a fight with his arm broken?..... No. Fought Patsy Cardiff six rounds with broken arm, decision a draw.

———, Providence.—McCoy was going to fight Sharkey, and Ruhlin took his place June 26. This is A G's statement. Does he win or lose?.....He wins.

J. B., Harvey, N. Dak.—Was Joe McAuliffe ever champion of America? Did Joe McAuliffe ever fight for the championship of the world?.....1. No. 2. No.

SUBSCRIBER, Columbus, O.—A bets B that the Sharkey and Ruhlin fight would last 15 rounds or over. Which wins?..... Fight didn't last 15 full rounds. B wins.

W. C., Mobile, Ala.—In an argument in a game of casino I bet that one cannot build for his partner unless he has right denomination to take the trick?.....You are right.

YELLOW KID, Anaconda.—Was Spokane ever beaten by Proctor Knott?.....Proctor Knott beat Spokane for the Sheridan Stakes at Washington Park, Chicago, July 4, 1888.

J. C., Birmingham.—What were the weights of Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey when they fought for the middleweight championship?.....150½ and 147½ respectively.

I. M. P., Trenton, N. J.—W, in a game of catch five, is 10 points and R is 7; R is the buyer and makes the 5, but W makes high, low, jack and the game. Who wins?.....W.

SUBSCRIBER, Washington, D. C.—In draw poker is it necessary for the winner of a jackpot to show his five cards face up or simply openers, balance face down? .....All faced up.

STAG SALOON, Houston.—B and H are playing auction pitch; both are 10; 11 points game; B bids two and H bids three; H makes low, jack, game; B makes high. Which wins?.....B.

J. M., New York.—A says in a two-handed game of pinochle B is not entitled to the count of 240 points when he lays down four kings and queens of different suit. Who is correct, A or B?.....B.

THREE FLUSH, Bradford, Pa.—A and B are in a poker game; A bets that he has a higher three flush than B, but shows a four flush, ace high; B has jack high, three flush. Who wins?. ....A.

C. and S., New York.—A game of poker; A bets B that if the dealer takes a card too much he has the right to put it back on the deck again; dealer did not look at his cards. Who is right?.....B.

———, Kansas City, Mo.—In a game of pitch, seven points game; A has 4 points; B has 6 points; B bids 2 and A 3; A makes his 3; B has low and A has high, jack and game. Who wins?.....B wins.

G. H. W., Bellevue, Ia.—A and B played sixty-six; ace of hearts was turned trump; both had in tricks; A turns down; B holds nine of hearts and claims ace; A objects; is B entitled to the ace?..... Yes.

T. A. K., Los Angeles, Cal.—Can an American born go to France and enter French society?..... Yes, if he possesses a few minor qualifications, such as wealth and social position here, to recommend him.

H. G., Washington, R. I.—A, B, C and D are playing auction pitch; A deals; B has eight points, and C has eight points; B bids A two and makes high, game, and C makes low, jack. Who wins? .....C.

H. P., Sacramento City, Cal.—A, B, C and D are playing double pedro; A is dealing and robs the deck, which gives him seven trumps; can he play the seven trumps or must he discard one before he can play?.....Must discard one.

L. L. S., Monmouth, Ill.—In a ten point auction pitch game, A and B each have eight points; A gets the bid for two, and makes low and game, making him ten points; B makes high and jack, making him ten points, also?.....B wins.

G. W. A., Indian Head, Md.—In a game of auction pitch, or set back, A is five points in the game, B is eight; nine points to the game; A bids three, and plays high, low, jack, and who is entitled to game when game is even?.....Non-bidder.

R. N. J., Milwaukee.—Six hand game of poker; A is dealing and B stays as it is his ante, and the other four stay; before the draw B wants A to shuffle cards, which A refuses to do, as he claims you cannot as the cards have been dealt once; B says anyone can call for a shuffle of cards before the draw?.....A is right to refuse.

H. G., New York.—Two men are playing a game of pool; A is spotting B ten balls; they do not play according to rules, fouls and scratches do not count on A until he has his ten balls spotted on the table; A shoots, makes seven balls in succession; he spots those up and B shoots; then A shoots again and makes four balls and makes a foul scratch on the fifth in a continuous shot; must A spot one extra ball for the scratch or only the three balls that he owed? .....Must spot an extra ball.

R. J. C., Jewett City, Conn.—A, B and C play a game of auction pitch, 10 points game; A is 4 points and B 8; A deals the cards; B passes; C bids 2, pitched it and makes jack and game; B also makes 2, high and low. Who wins the game?.....B.

P. P. N., Hayward, Wis.—In a game of draw poker, while playing jackpot one of the players says "I'll open the pot;" one of the other players picks up his hand and finds that he has six cards. Is it a misdeal or is this player's hand dead?.....Dead hand.

A. E. K., Chicago.—In a game of pedro, 52 points, A has 45 points, B has 50; A bids seven and gets the trump; B makes two points and calls out. Does he go out? And also, if A makes his seven and B plays high and low which goes out?.....B.

G. W. A., Egmont Key, Fla.—A, B, C and D playing poker; A is dealing the cards and C breaks the pot (or any of the others) and it is drawing one card and he wishes to have it burned; can he cause it to be done or not?.....Cannot have a card burned in draw poker.

C. B., Cliff-ide Park, N. J.—Is Thanksgiving Day a legal holiday in the United States or in certain States?.....It is not a legal holiday. The proclamation of the President designating a day of thanksgiving makes it a holiday in those States which provide by law for it.

J. H. C., Berea, O.—A and B are playing call shot pyramid pool; B makes a shot, misses ball shot at, goes clear around the table and strikes another ball but does not drive the ball hit to a cushion or go to a cushion with cue ball; A bets B makes a scratch. Which wins?.....A wins.

A. D., Antigo, Wis.—In a game of draw poker A opens pot; B stays; A splits his hand, shows one opener, face up and draws one to a four flush; A makes a bet; B lays down. Now is it necessary for A to show his full hand face up or does he only have to show one more of his openers?.....Must show whole hand.

T. G., Victoria, Tex.—A, B, C and D are playing high five, or pedro; A is dealing; B passes, also C; D bids 14 which is all that can be made; A claims he can name trump, as he is dealer and has last bid; can he, and what does he have to bid? D claims he cannot as D already went the limit.....A can refuse 14 and bid it himself.

M. A. R., Grand Junction, Col.—A and B playing pitch; A 10 and B 10; game 11; A bids 1; B bids 2 and makes it; A holds ace of trump. Who wins?.....A.

A. P. K., Evanston, Wyo.—In continuous fifteen ball pool if a player calls a ball for a pocket and misses that ball but hits another, is it a scratch?.....No.

C. A. V., Covington, Ky.—V bets that Corbett and Jackson fought a draw; A bets they did not according to the referee's decision. Who wins?.....It was practically a draw. Honors were even, according to the referee's decision of "no contest."

C. B. L., Carbondale, Pa.—If A, B, C and D are playing a four hand game of double pedro and D is dealing; A, B and C draw cards to make their hands six apiece, and D slushes the deck; D makes a play and he finds he has slushed a card he needs in his hand. Has he a right to go back into the slush for the card? ..... .No.

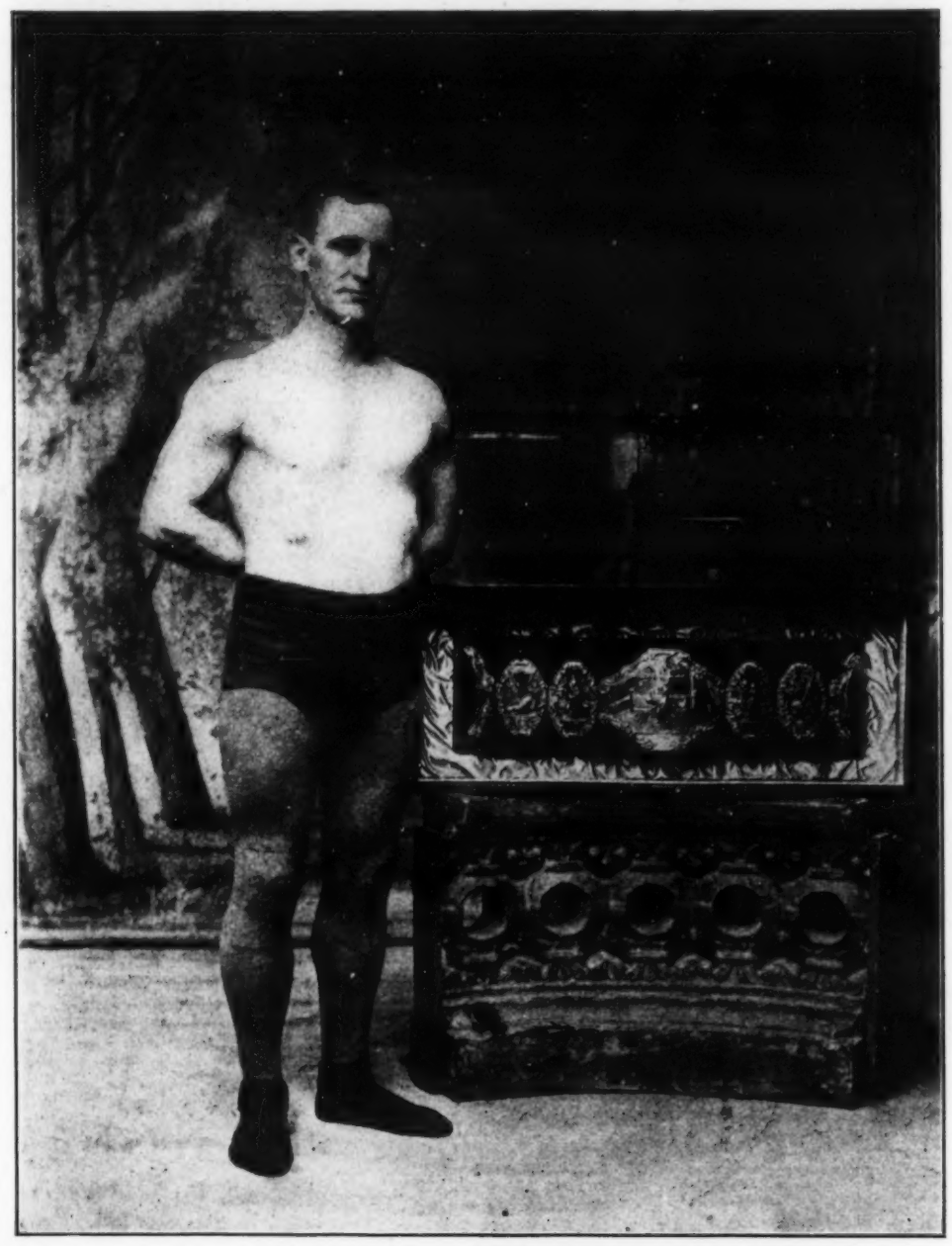
J. D., Elizabeth, N. J.—In a game of pedro A bids 6; he is 49 and makes his 6 by the five of clubs and ace of spades, spades are trumps; B makes the deuce, jack, game and five of spades; he was 46; these eight make him 54; A has 55; A claims that his ace goes out before B because he can't go out without his five of spades. Which wins? ...B wins.

P. L. P., Marquette, Mich.—A, B, C, D and E play poker; A opens jack pot; C stays, D stays; E stays and raises A, who calls; C calls; D looks over hand again and finds out he has six cards; C calls it a misdeal; E says it is not and says D can pull out his money and the other three can play their hands; C claims all hands are foul?. ....D's hand is foul and dead and he loses his money.

A. H., Canton, O.—In playing sixty-six, cards turned down, A had ace of spades and king of diamonds; B had ten of clubs and king of hearts; hearts trump; A led ace of spades and B put on ten of clubs (which, of course, was not right); A took in trick and played king of diamonds, and then B thought of the renigue. Is A or B entitled to first trick or must they play the trick over?.....B loses point for revoking.

G. H., Chicago.—A and B in a jack pot of draw poker; A opened the pot and B stayed; A drew one card and B three cards; A bet and B called him; A said he had two pair and B said what up; then A made a proposition to divide the pot which B accepted; when the hands were shown up A saw that B had only one pair and then took in the pot saying when A asked him what's up he presumed B had two pair. Should he or should he not divide the pot?..... Divide.

W. R. P., St. Joseph, Mo.—Is 300 pinochle a proper meld? If so can you meld it by laying down a second queen of spades and jack of diamonds after the first has been melded and scored, or must you lay all four cards down at the same time? In the three and four handed varieties of the game, when a non-trump is led, is it obligatory for each succeeding player to go over the card led if he can, or has he the option to do so or not? What is the latest and highest authority published on this interesting game?.....1. No. 2. House rules govern. 3. Need not go over. 4. Don't know.



JACK CARKEEK OF ST. PAUL, MINN.

Who Challenges Anybody in the World to Wrestle for the International Championship.

NOTED SPORTING PICTURES

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Jeffries, McCoy, McGovern, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—"RUBE" FERNS. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

RYAN DIDN'T TRY HARD.

"Syracuse Tommy" Ryan easily gained the verdict over Young Mahoney, of Philadelphia, before the Fort Dearborn Athletic Club, Chicago, on June 29, after six rounds of rather slow work. Ryan, who was in splendid condition, apparently completely outclassed the Philadelphia boy, whose work, though clever, looked amateurish in front of Ryan.

The latter, however, evidently did not try for a knockout, but contented himself with tying Mahoney in knots and outpointing him. The crowd showed its disapproval by hooting the men at times. Mahoney weighed about 146 pounds and Ryan in the neighborhood of 150.

The preliminaries were tame. Billy Kendall, the ex-amateur champion bantamweight, and Frank Brown, of Chicago, fought a six-round draw. Dave Barry, of Toronto, knocked out Jack Brine, of Chicago, in the second round.

Fighters and Their Records

All the champions to date, with portraits, in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Order your copy at once. Price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

JIMMY HANDLER

BEAT MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH

LATTER FOULED

He Was Badly Whipped and Almost Gone.

FIFTEEN LIVELY ROUNDS.

Handler Fought in Decidedly Better Form Than Ever Before.

There are other ways to lose a fight besides being knocked out after enduring the mangling process and being beaten almost beyond recognition. "Mysterious Billy" Smith realized this after he had been up against it, as the saying goes, for a period of fifteen rounds. During that interval Jimmy Handler, of Newark, had punched, clouted and disfigured the mysterious one so badly that he decided to act discreetly and give up the job of trying to win and purposely did things to his opponent which Referee Charley White considered unfair and promptly disqualified him. There was no doubt about Smith's intentions in this respect. He had used his elbows, held on, punched while doing so, wrestled, butted his opponent and hit him low, any one of which transgressions should have merited his retirement at an earlier period in the fight, but Referee White was seemingly insensible to these things and it was not until Smith utilized a back-hand blow twice in succession, after being warned against doing so, that White took deliberate action and sent him to his corner, awarding his decision to Handler.

The fight took place at the Broadway Athletic Club, New York city, on July 29, and despite the fact that the mercury in the tube was floating dangerously close to the hundred point, the attendance was large and enthusiastic. The fight was a "corker" from beginning to end, marred only by Smith's endeavors to fight unfairly. The latter was a badly punished man at the time of his disqualification and Handler looked all over a winner. The mysterious one, however, always had a bad punch left in him, and might have had a chance to win had he not committed the last foul. It was without doubt one of the fiercest battles ever witnessed in the club.

Smith was made a 10 to 7 favorite, but when both men shook hands in the ring it was plain that Billy had not worked any too hard to fit himself for the fray, while Handler was as hard as nails.

But little time was lost in getting together. Handler's left swing for the jaw was neatly blocked and in return the New Yorker stopped the left to the stomach. Handler put a wicked left to the mouth, splitting Smith's lower lip, and the blood began to flow freely.

The second round was marked by fast fighting. Both were looking to end the battle as quickly as possible, and they exchanged blows rapidly for the body and jaw. In a wild mixup both went to the floor.

Smith looked a bit tired when he toed the mark for the third round, but he was soon at it hammer and tongs. First one would have the advantage and then the other, and when Handler appeared a bit tired at the end of the round, he was a long way from being whipped.

It was evident the battle would not go the limit, as both boys were putting in their best punches. Handler used his left hook to good advantage, and occasionally stabbed his left to the body, but Smith was always back with a few good ones on the body and one or two telling blows on the jaw.

From the third to the tenth round they fought like two wild cats, punching each other wherever they saw an opening and never once stopping to spar for wind. Smith bled profusely from the cut in his lip, while Handler's face began to bear marks of the terrible gruelling he was receiving.

Handler was floored in the tenth by a right-hand punch back of the ear, but he got up quickly.

It was surprising that neither man was put out in the eleventh, as they smashed each other in the jaw time and again, but the gong found them both on their feet.

In the next round Handler sent Smith to the floor by a wicked right hand punch on the jaw. Billy looked all out, but managed to get on his feet at the count of ten, and then sailed into his opponent like a mad bull. Handler began to wear his man down after this, hooking the left to the jaw, and shifting to the body. He took some severe raps in return and was several times staggered, but Smith was too weak to follow him.

Smith was several times cautioned for using his shoulder and elbow, and Handler, too, was cautioned for slapping with the back of his glove. Smith looked in bad shape in the fourteenth and was hardly able to raise his hands.

When he answered the gong in the fifteenth round his legs wabbled under him and it was plain that he could not last long. He swung wildly for the jaw, but his next attempt landed and shook Handler all over. Then he brought the hand and elbow back and caught Jim on the jaw with it, again staggering him. This last blow caused him to lose the battle.

Al Levy, of New York city, and Alexander Dunsheath, of Plainfield, N. J., met in the opening battle, twelve rounds at 115 pounds. It was a fast contest throughout, but as Levy was the cleverer and had landed the cleanest punches he was awarded the decision.

KID CARTER WHIPPED JIM JUDGE.

"Kid" Carter of Brooklyn is coming along again and it is apparent that his one defeat by Bill Hanrahan has not diminished his pugilistic ardor or discouraged his endeavors. On June 30, at the Greenwood Athletic Club, Brooklyn, he quite effectually settled Jim Judge of Scranton, Pa., in a rough battle. They punched each other all around the ring. First one would have his man almost out, then the other would have the advantage. Carter outpointed Judge, but Judge always had a good punch left. The Brooklynite had the best of the first eight rounds by a long margin, but could not knock his man out.

Judge took a brace in the ninth round and staggered Carter with a right hander on the jaw. In the eleventh round the referee cautioned Judge for elbowing. Judge came up for the twelfth round very weak and hardly could ward off his opponent's onslaughts. Carter dropped him eight times in this round and he was on his knees taking the count at the bell.

Judge was too weak to respond for the thirteenth round, and his seconds threw up the sponge. The men were to have boxed twenty rounds at 150 pounds.

The first preliminary bout of the evening was between "Colored Mississippi," of Gravesend, and Jack Ferrick, of Brooklyn, ten rounds at 105 pounds. The colored boy knocked out his opponent early in the second round with a right-hander in the wind. Ferrick's seconds claimed a foul, but the referee would not allow it. This infuriated one of the defeated man's attendants, and he jumped into the ring and struck the colored boy in the face. The police interfered and hustled the second out of the ring.

The second bout was between "Kid" McDonald and "Kid" Hogan. It was a rough mill throughout. Hogan had his man practically out in the second round, but the bell saved him. Both were tired in the third round, but as McDonald was in better condition he won out. The referee, seeing that Hogan was helpless stopped the bout and declared McDonald the winner. Hogan took the place of Dick Powers.

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ERNE'S BIG CONTRACT

TO WEIGH 128 POUNDS RINGSIDE AND

KNOCK McGOVERN OUT

Brady Says Jeffries Will Fight Ruhlin, But Insists That the Latter Wait Until His Injured Arm Mends.

WAS TOM SHARKEY A VICTIM OF THE PEACOCK HOODOO ?

Colored Fighter a Victim of Circumstances---Root and Ryan Have an Understanding---Prearranged Draw Bouts a Serious Mistake.

Everything points to an interesting affair next Monday night, at Madison Square Garden, when Terry McGovern and Frank Erne meet in a match of peculiar significance to the observers of pugilistic doings. Erne has agreed to weigh 128 pounds at the ringside and knock McGovern out before the expiration of ten rounds. Whether he can do this is the mooted question of the day in pugilistic circles and has been the medium of much discussion among those who follow the doings of the exponents of fistic art. Such matches are of extremely rare occurrence and usually provide a surprise in the outcome. We all remember the famous match between "Kid" Lavigne and Joe Walcott at Maspeth, L. I., several years ago. Walcott was then at his best, while the Saginaw lad was just blossoming into a champion. The dusky fighter, to demonstrate his disregard for the little fellow who was fast winning the admiration of the fight-loving public, essayed to knock him out in fifteen rounds. Singularly enough the best judges of fighting opined that he would be successful, and 2 and 3 to 1 were the odds offered with few takers. On that occasion Lavigne completely turned the tables on his adversary. Instead of keeping away and resorting to defensive tactics to enable him to stay the limit, the "Kid" really forced hostilities from the outset and beat Walcott so badly that it was only by resorting to coercive measures that the dusky fighter was induced to stay in the ring. He wanted to jump it in the fourteenth round and was the happiest man in the building when the limit had expired without his experiencing the discomfiture of being knocked out himself.

That was the last notable instance of a similar match such as Erne and McGovern will participate in, and it is a significant fact that many of the best judges of fighters abilities are of the opinion that a similar ending will occur this time. As I have pointed out several times McGovern is not the kind of a fighter who will be content to test his opponent's hitting powers without making an effort in his own behalf, and I am pretty sure he will try to turn the tables upon Erne. He realizes that he has the latter handicapped in the matter of weight, that he can hit as hard if not harder than Erne; he possesses confidence in his ability, and after analyzing all the conditions I do not see why he should hesitate to fight with the object of defeating his adversary in as quick and decisive a manner as possible. At any rate it will be one of the greatest pugilistic events ever witnessed and if the old garden, the scene of many hallowed memories, is not packed to suffocation I shall be inexpressibly surprised.

~

And now they say that a rich Chicago widow has become enamored of Tom Sharkey and wants to marry him.

Will wonders never cease ?

~

Since defeating Tom Sharkey in such a decisive manner, Gus Ruhlin looms up as the only logical opponent for Jim Jeffries in a match for championship honors. I had thought matters would have been arranged before now, but Billy Brady's absence in Europe provides an excuse for the delay, none of his satellites caring to assume the responsibility of making the match. Al. Smith, at Sheepshead Bay, on Realization day showed me a letter in which he had been duly authorized to represent Brady in the matchmaking, but there is an injunction restraining Smith from making any conditions to involve Jeffries in a match until his arm is entirely well. In the letter of instruction Brady does not say how soon Jeffries will be able to enter the ring. Brady said that Jeffries' left arm is in a very weak condition, and that he will not allow him to fight until it is perfectly well. The champion's manager hopes the injured arm will be sound before Sept. 1, as he would rather have the fight take place in Greater New York than any other place.

"If Jeffries' arm isn't well by Sept. 1," continued Brady, "then I am willing to allow Jeffries to meet Ruhlin before any reputable club in the country. Jeffries admits that Sharkey's conqueror deserves first chance."

Billy Madden, who is looking after Ruhlin's interests, is not disposed to place too much confidence in that story about the present condition of that injured arm, and cites in support of his views that Brady offered to fight Jeff against Corbett again two weeks after their late battle. Madden knows the value of a title and realizes that if any money is to be made out of a fight for the championship title it must be done before Sept. 1, when the Horton law goes out of existence in New York State. His ultimatum is as follows:

"Ruhlin is ready to meet Jeffries, and really prefers to take him on first, before Fitzsimmons. Jeffries has said that he would make a match with Ruhlin. But Jeffries must name the precise date, before the Horton law goes out of existence.

"If Jeffries fails to do this we will claim the championship and be prepared to go ahead with Fitzsimmons for the title, and should Ruhlin beat Fitzsimmons I will take him out and bid him as the 'champion of the world,' not the 'coming champion,' as he is now billed in Boston. As is known, Ruhlin has a draw with Jeffries and put Sharkey out, which Jeffries failed to do.

BILLY MADDEN,
Manager for Gus Ruhlin."

I am confident that something will be arranged and shortly, too, for Ruhlin somewhat dimmed the lustre of Jeffries' achievements by his recent victory over Sharkey.

~

This is the story of a Hoodoo, the truth of which is vouched for by the two distinguished exponents of the fistic art who were the victims of its evil influence!

It first concerns Mister Fitzsimmons, who was the original possessor of it. While it was in his temporary custody a blight seemed to be upon him and his. First the estimable lady who honors him by being his wife became seriously ill; then the junior scion of the house of Fitzsimmons and the successor to the distinguished name of "Bob" partook too freely of crab apples and milk, and the result was a disturbance in his dietary organs which came within an ace of putting him at the head of a mortuary procession. When the prospects of regaining the championship title seemed brightest, Bob himself had to go and injure his right digit, which necessitated calling the match with Ruhlin off; the next misfortune was the loss of his trick wrestling pony, which some venturesome showman took a notion to purloin; then his pet lion cub found the salt sea air at Bergen Beach not entirely conducive to his health, and after an absence of several days was found beneath the flooring of the Casino, whither he had crawled to pass in his last gasp. Finally Bob's famous prize winning bull terrier, who had imbibed some of the fighting spirit of his master, undertook to give away a trifle of forty pounds and lick a giant mastiff which was prowling around the Fitzsimmons homestead looking for a scrap. The mastiff got what he was looking for, and died, but honors were even in that respect, for Bob's dorg died, too.

One day a friend of Fitz's stopped at the gate to chat with "the main squeeze of the drum," and the latter was detailing his misfortunes, when the friend spied a peacock with his tail spread and loping about the lawn like as if he was the "real thing."

"There's your hoodoo," said Bob's friend. "Never saw a peacock in my life that didn't bring bad luck. They're the limit, and I wouldn't have one around my place for a million dollars. Get rid of him as soon as you can!"

Bob looked at the beautiful bird and his first impulse was to invite him around to the woodshed and treat him to the edge of a sharp axe. But he didn't; he thought for a moment and a smile chased itself athwart his countenance as he said:

"No. I owe Sharkey a favor for that little trick he handed me, with Wyatt Earp's assistance, in San Francisco; I'll just send the bird to him."

In due time the peacock was delivered to the ex-man-o'-wars-man's palatial country house at Sheepshead Bay, and became the cynosure of admiring eyes and the pride of its new owner.

"Holy gee, Tom, where'd you get that thing," said Teddy Foley one day as he sat sunning himself on Sharkey's front porch and saw the bird pluming himself on the lawn. "It's bad luck to have one of them around, and if you take my tip, you'll get rid of it before you land against the hoodoo."

"Hoodoo, eh, well, watch me," said Tom. "This place ain't very well populated, but there isn't any room around here for a jonah," as he crossed his fingers and made sundry cabalistic signs calculated to counteract the evil influence. Then he called Patrick, the stableman, and in tones stern and lordly, ordered him to "wring the damn thing's neck, right away!"

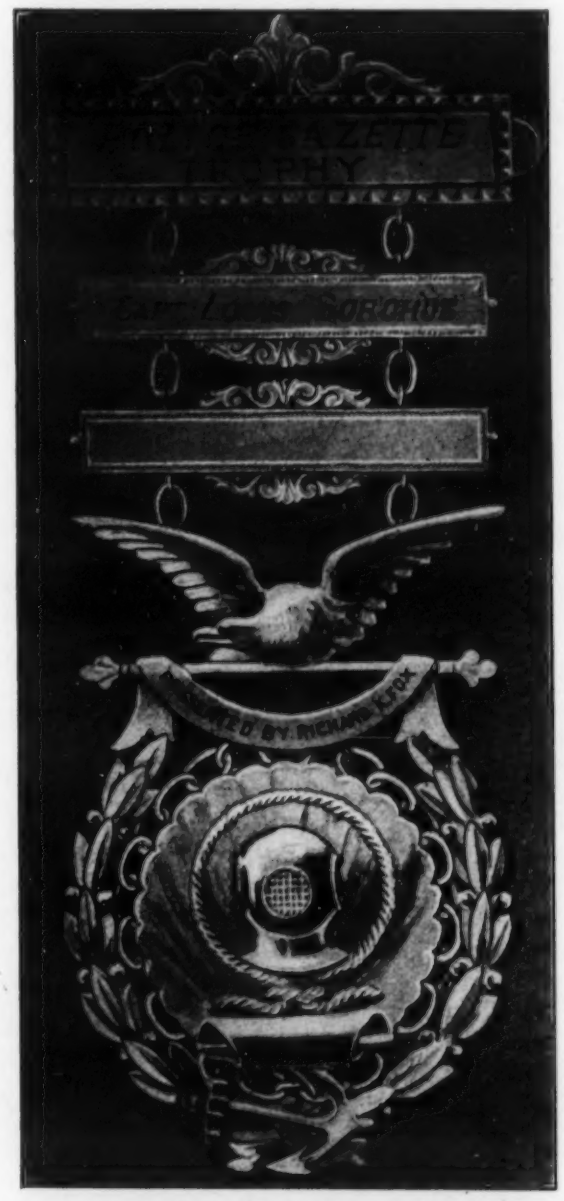
Now, the milk of human kindness flows pretty freely through an Irishman's heart, and Patrick, thinking that his pugilistic master was only temporarily disturbed by something the peacock had done, decided to commute its sentence to imprisonment in the barn until Tom's anger had cooled down.

Next morning, however, while taking an appetizing walk through the pine woods which fringe the lake in his park, Sharkey spied the peacock with his tail feathers up in the air, and his lordly bearing, which seemed to indicate that he was still "it," angered Tom beyond expression. Patrick responded to lusty shouts for his presence, and Sharkey proceeded to give him a vocabulic "trimming" for failing to carry out his orders.

"If you don't want to do it, I'll do it myself. Chase him down to the barn," was Tom's parting injunction to Patrick.

The meeting in the barn was painful—for the peacock. Sharkey constituted himself chief executioner, and with one fell swoop of a lusty cleaver, "decapitated the peacock's head off," as some one once said, in all seriousness.

Sharkey lost his fight with Ruhlin!



CAPT. SORCHO'S POLICE GAZETTE TROPHY.

Has Broken the Record for Remaining Under Water.

Jim Austin, a colored fighter, who hails from Hartford, Conn., for the reason that it is just as well to hail from there as anywhere else, has not much abiding faith in human nature. Just at present the Senegambian dispenser of uppercuts is languishing in a prison cell in Stamford, Conn., awaiting the discovery of some one who will go on a bond for $2,000. He was arrested by fraud and trickery, so he says, and the mayor of the city is designated as the perpetrator of a cruel joke which landed James behind the bars.

Austin and Joe Walker, a local fistic enthusiast of saffron hue, recently tried conclusions. Austin broke his opponent's jaw. Since that event the mayor decided to issue no more licenses for fights. He made one exception to the rule, and said that he would allow one final tournament, a benefit for the man with the mutilated jawbone.

In the kindness of his heart Austin volunteered to appear at the benefit, which was expected to raise sufficient money to repair the most necessary part of a pugilist's anatomy—his jaw. When Austin appeared at the ringside he was seized by the police and thrust into a cold cell. Next morning he was arraigned on a charge of assault with intent to kill and bound over to the Superior Court, bail being fixed at $2,000.

"Lot of money for a coon, two thousand," he mused as the gendarmes lugged him off to the lockup. "I never did see no man yet named Austin wuth that to be loose," a remark which of course justifies me in taking at least a slight exception.

~

After the unpleasant experience which Lou Houseman and his associates in the Tattersalls Club in Chicago had with that Ryan-McCoy affair it was reasonable to suppose that no more of those prearranged draw bouts would be allowed, but I notice that Tommy Ryan and Jack Root have signed to box six rounds with the obnoxious proviso embodied in the articles of agreement, and in my humble opinion the club is making a serious mistake in tolerating it. If two men are good enough to box, the bout should be for supremacy in which in justice to the patrons of the club and bettors a decision should be rendered. When an understanding of any kind exists it has a deterrent effect upon the men who rarely try to do their best. While they can hardly be called fakes such bouts only lead to dissatisfaction, and the public deservedly condemns the club for permitting itself to be subject to the dictation of men who are being paid for their services. Such an understanding between two fighters is usually due to the expectation of arranging a second match to involve big gate receipts. This was the case with McCoy and Ryan and is doubtless the same with Ryan and Root. In the first instance, Ryan was unintentionally double-crossed by Referee Hogan, who awarded the decision to McCoy. It is to be hoped that Manager Houseman will appreciate the wisdom of omitting the important detail of instructing his referee how to decide the now pending match, as he did in the previous instance.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

RUHLIN'S PUGILISTIC HISTORY.

Old-time Recollections of His Early Days in the Prize Ring.

It was while living in Ohio, "doing the best he could," and not enough of that to indicate that he was going to cut a very big swath in this world's affairs, that it dawned upon Gus Ruhlin that the fistic game offered possibilities in a way that might bring him fame and a modicum of this world's goods, which to his modest mind approximated a fortune. His earliest endeavors to become a boxer are well remembered by the sporting crowd. He was pronounced, without exception, the most awkward man that 'ever put on a pair of gloves. His awkwardness was the only redeeming feature of his alleged boxing in the early days of Ruhlin's ring career. He was guyed unmercifully for his lack of science and almost perfect ignorance of the game, but Gus took it all good naturedly.

One old sport who had witnessed innumerable bare fist prize fights in England and this country declared that Ruhlin would never make a fighter. "He can hit hard enough to crush in the skull of an ox," said the old sport, "but he is so d—n clumsy he trips over his own feet. He is too good natured to make a prize fighter. He stands laughing and smiling like a well fed missionary, and lets the other fellow punch the face off him."

Writing from Toledo a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent tells a few reminiscences of the Akron giant's earliest endeavors, as follows:

"The sports here recall Ruhlin when dubbing around here at the time 'Kid' McCoy was learning the rudiments of boxing by giving exhibitions at the old Standard Theatre and other resorts for the price of a night's lodging and his breakfast. The 'Kid,' too, was thought little of in those days, and used to get his trimmings regularly from some stalky local man or a 'wandering Willie' who would drop into town to earn a grub stake. Both Ruhlin and 'Kid' McCoy, when they appeared here as novices several years ago, not a sport could see any promise in either of them. They were both put down for 'dubs' and men who would never amount to anything as fighters. The present standing of both men in the pugilistic world shows what poor prophets the sports are of fighters. These two men in particular, who were singled out as 'dubs,' are at the top of the heap, while others the sports picked upon as 'coming men' have petered out and gone to the pugilistic junk heap long ago.

"The first fight of any importance that Ruhlin figured in which interested Toledo sports was when he and Yank Kenney fought at North Baltimore, in Wood county, several years ago. The intention at first was to pull that fight off in Toledo, but, as the authorities kicked and there was a suspicion that the police might swoop down upon the principals and spectators and gather them all in, it was arranged to pull the fight off in the bustling town of North Baltimore. A large delegation of Toledo sports attended the fight to cheer up the man who represented Toledo on that occasion, Yank Kenney.

"After some preliminaries Kenney and Ruhlin got into the ring and began fighting. Their movements furnished more amusement for the sports than their fighting. They were giants in stature, but such a pair of awkward men was probably never seen in a prize ring prior to that date. Their clumsiness put to shame the battle movements of the most awkward pair of Shanghai roosters ever seen in a barnyard. The sports considered the thing 'funny,' but not one of them would be guilty of gracing the affair with the title of 'a fight.' After banging around for sixteen rounds on the stage Kenney landed a swinging blow, and Ruhlin thought it was the proper thing to drop, and drop he did. Gus thought he was out, and the referee gave the decision to Kenney. Those who had charge of both men knew no more about the game than Ruhlin and Kenney did, and that was precious little. The sports living to-day here who saw that famous fight in which Yank Kenney defeated Gus Ruhlin say they would have bet their heads against a brass tag that neither one of them would ever amount to a pinch of salt in the ring. Both men put up such an awkward fight that Billy Steffers, a welterweight, now dead, offered to climb up on a pair of stilts and lick both men one after another."

"Ruhlin and McCoy are both examples of what training and perseverance can do for a man in the prize ring," said an old sport. "Ten years ago both these men were the most unpromising individuals I ever saw. Ruhlin was so positively awkward that he was funny. When we sports often cheered him we were only guying him, but Gus apparently took our applause in earnest, and got it into his head that he was the making of a fighter, and stuck to it and has won out. It really makes me laugh every time I think of the fight between Ruhlin and Kenney at North Baltimore. They were as clumsy as two old women. I believe I could pick out a pair of street sweepers who would have put up a more scientific fight than they did. There was no science to it. They simply smashed and battered away at each other, and when Ruhlin dropped he thought it was all off. He was no more knocked out than I am. Ruhlin is now at the top of the heap, while Kenney, the most promising man of the two then, is just about where Ruhlin left him in North Baltimore. Ruhlin is game, while Kenney has the 'yellow'—that's the difference."

TOMMY RYAN NOT A HEBREW.

The following letter explains itself:

DEAR SIR—I see by last week's issue where you inform one of your readers in Kansas City of my nationality. I was born in St. John, N. B., of Irish-Canadian parents, and therefore cannot be a Hebrew as stated in your paper.

Respectfully yours, TOMMY RYAN.
Philadelphia.

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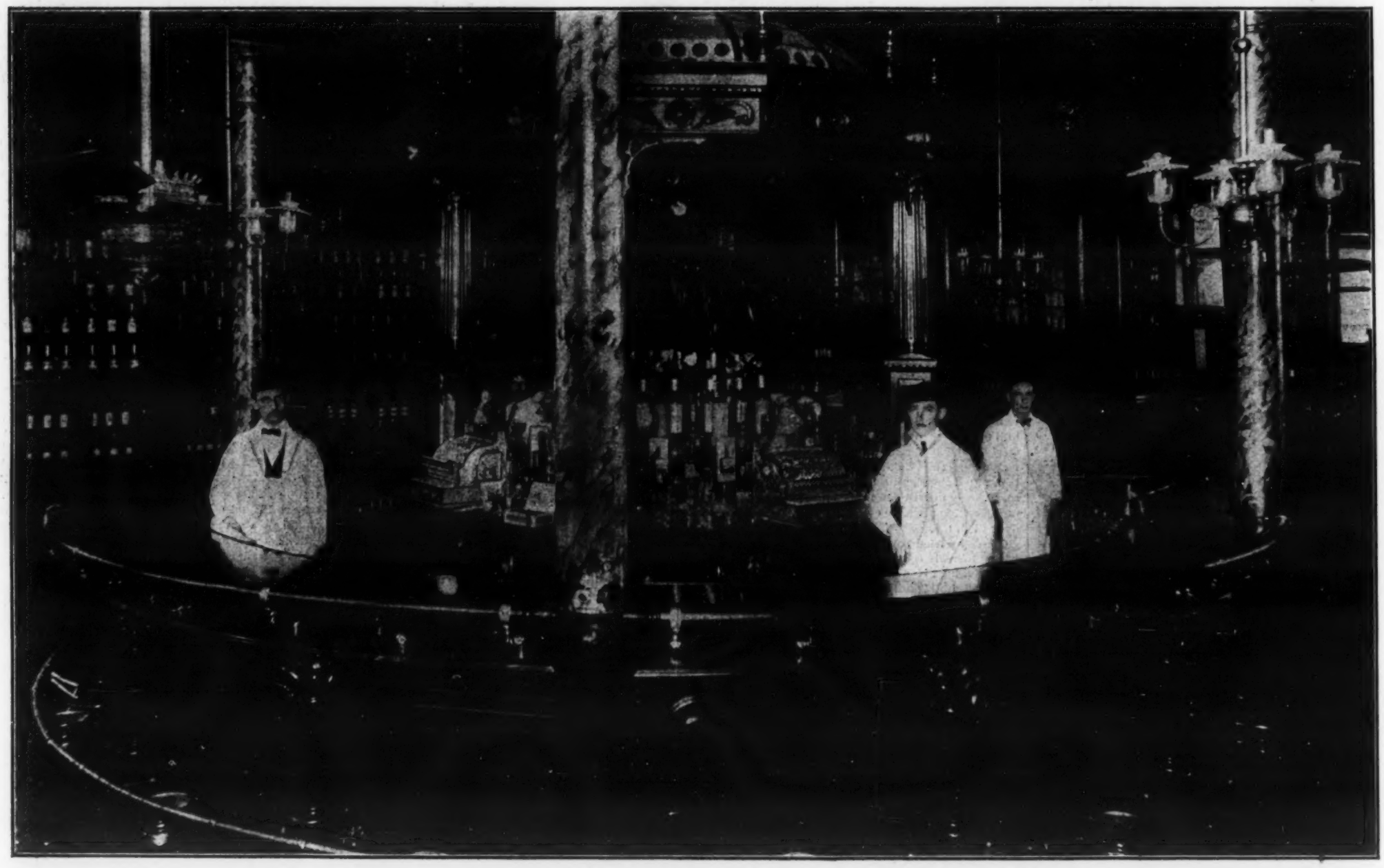
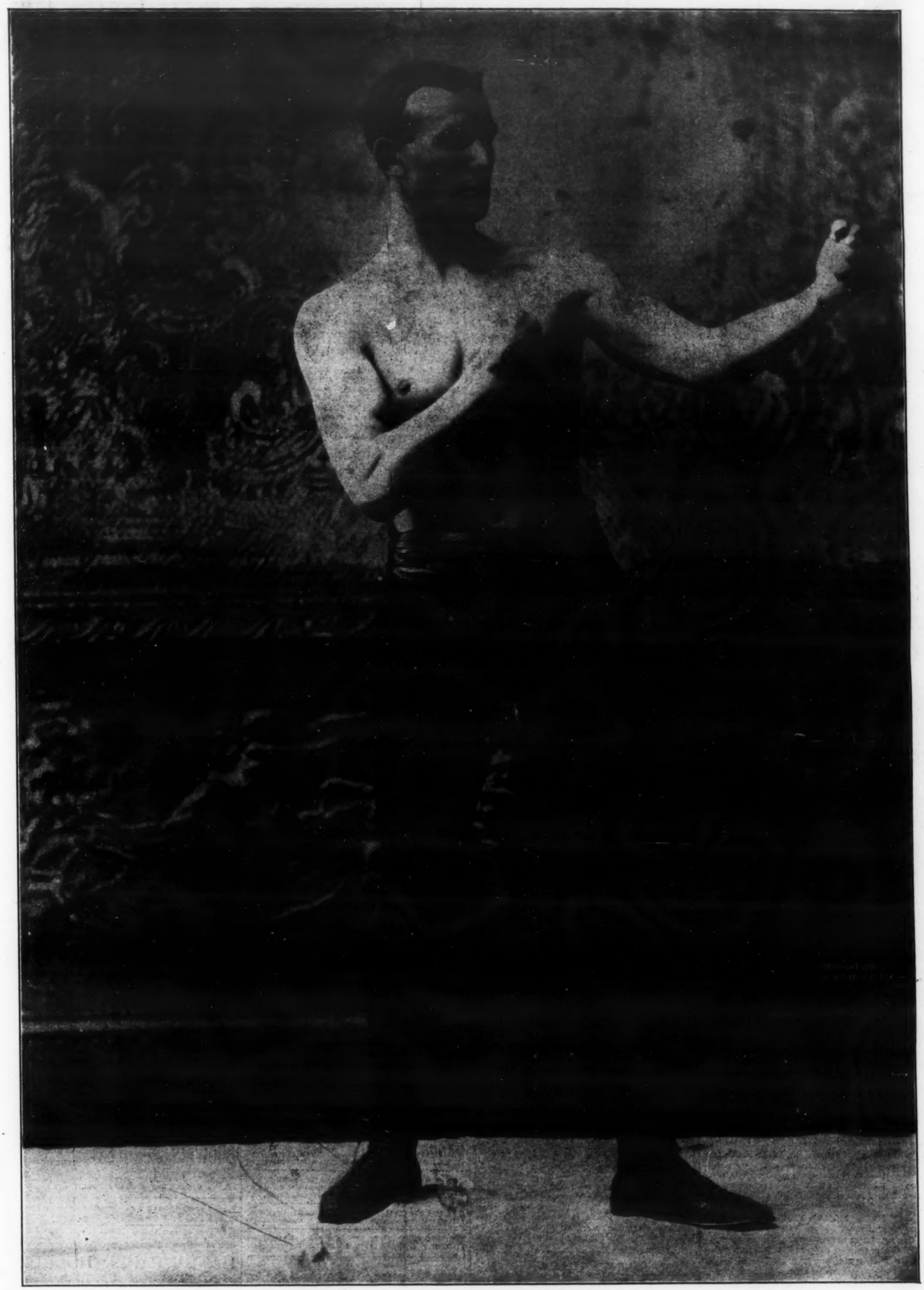


POLICE GAZETTE GALLERY OF POPULAR RESORTS.
BURKE BROTHERS CIRCULAR BAR, AT 15 EDDY STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I., HANDSOMEST AND MOST NOVEL SALOON IN NEW ENGLAND.



JACK ROOT OF CHICAGO.

THE CLEVER AND ASPIRING WESTERN MIDDLEWEIGHT WHO IS NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT TOMMY RYAN, THE FAMOUS BOXER OF SYRACUSE.

BARTENDERS WHO ARE EXPERT

"Bob" Fester, Liquid Juggler for T. J. Sander, Jr., Newark.

There are no drinks which Bob Fester, who is behind the bar at T. J. Sander, Jr.'s, place at 86 Commerce street, Newark, N. J., cannot mix, and furthermore there is nothing in the sporting line which he cannot talk intelligently about. He is a veteran, but not a very old one, of the Spanish war, and he went away with the Twelfth New York. He has many friends and he reads the POLICE GAZETTE, which is a good enough recommendation for any man.

BARTENDERS NOTES.

When in Boston call at the saloon of William Le Clair & Co., 856 Washington street.

One of the finest cafes in Hyde Park, N. Y., is The Ca-foo-fee, owned by Sydney J. Beckett.

James J. McFadden, a saloonman of 640 Broad-way, Albany, is a most enthusiastic horseman.

Pendergast & Co., of 52 Beach street, Boston, Mass., are the owners of one of the finest saloons in the city.

The Globe Cafe, 358 Asylum street, Hartford, Conn., is owned by W. F. Cox, a prince of good fellows.

A most popular saloon at Dayton, O., is The Office, owned by John J. Stoickiem. It is at 38 East Third street.

Pool and shuffleboard are among the many at-tractions of The Marble Pillar Cafe, 22 Central Row, Hartford, Conn.

One of the best known sporting men in Hor-nellsville, N. Y., is Charles A. Blackman, owner of Blackman's Hotel.

S. Johnson, who owns a fine saloon at 116 Crown street, New Haven, Conn., keeps a particularly fine line of wet goods.

John J. Magennis, whose saloon is at 1323 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., is a great lover of thoroughbred horses and dogs.

William H. Shine, wine and liquor dealer at 346 S. Main street, Providence, R. I., makes a specialty of fine whiskies.

One of the favorite stopping places for trav-elers in Fall River, Mass., is the McKinley House, owned by J. J. Duvally.

M. Riley, a well-known sporting man of Gen-eva, N. Y., is the popular proprietor of the Hotel Dewey, at 354 Exchange street.

One of the most popular resorts in New Haven, Conn., is the wine and billiard room at 55 Orange street, owned by A. W. Tibbetts.

Frank M. Bronk, proprietor of the Crystal Club, at 82 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y., is a great admirer of thoroughbred horses.

The sporting men in Fall River, Mass., pa-tronize Daniel Murphy, who has a wholesale and retail place at 208 to 214 Bedford street.

Chas. J. Winans, owner of The Empire Cafe at 95 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., has the finest collection of pictures of thoroughbred horses in the State.

Arthur Regan, of Washington, D. C., son of Tim Regan, one of the old-time saloonmen of the National Capital, wants a partner with sufficient capital to open up a swell saloon in the city of lawmakers.

When doing business in West Bethlehem and having that dry, tired feeling call at the Fourth Avenue Hotel, D. P. Bennethum proprietor. A reading room is connected with this hotel where the POLICE GAZETTE can always be found on file.

ROYAL FIZZ.

(By "Doc" Dortic, Royal Music Hall, Savannah, Ga.)

Use a mixing glass; one white of an egg; one tablespoonful of powdered sugar; one jigger of Tom gin; one jigger of sweet milk. Put in ice; shake well; strain in sour glass; fill up with Apollinaris water, with nutmeg on top.

MORE FIGHTING AT TUCKAHOE.

The fistic arena at Tuckahoe, N. Y., wherein Terry McGovern and "Pedlar" Palmer fought their memorable battle, was reopened on June 30 with a series of boxing bouts. The first bout was between Barney Reilly, of New York, and Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn. It was scheduled for ten rounds and went the limit. The decision was a draw. The second go was between Jim Barnett, of New York, and "Buck" Farley, of Brooklyn and was to last ten rounds. In the sixth round Farley planted a blow right over Barnett's heart, knocking him out.

The important event was a bout scheduled between Jack Lowry, of New York, and Austin Rice. It was announced at the close of the last preliminary that Rice had forfeited because he was over weight. Jimmy Kelly, of Boston, took his place, the distance being ten rounds. In the eighth Lowry planted a left swing on the jaw, which floored Kelly. The referee then awarded the fight to Lowry to the disgust of the audience, who were howling "foul!" The referee was Lee Allen.

DAVE SULLIVAN FOULED BROAD.

Referee Madden Took Cognizance of it and Promptly Disqualified Him.

There was a pretty well defined opinion among the spectators of the fight between "Kid" Broad and Dave Sullivan at Coney Island, on July 3, that the latter purposely fouled his opponent with the evident intention of being disqualified and in that manner being relieved of the necessity of fighting any longer. Sullivan was a pretty badly used up individual at this juncture and had the battle gone on to the end he could not have won barring an accident, so in the sixteenth round the little Irishman realized that he would inevitably lose, and hit Broad so low in the groin that Referee Madden could not fail to take cognizance of it and terminated the proceedings by disqualifying him.

The fight throughout was a slugging and clinching one, but it was all Broad's way. Sullivan's face was battered to strings. He dug in many business-like raps to Broad's middle works, but they did not make any halt in the "Kid's" endeavor until the sixteenth round, when Sullivan caught Broad a left hand punch lower than a fair fighter punches, and Madden gave the battle to Broad on a foul. Broad was winning by a mile when the foul occurred.

"Cyclone" Tom Quinn and Sam Bolan went twelve rounds at catch weights—about 135 pounds—in the preliminary. Madden gave the fight to Bolan.

SORCHO'S POLICE GAZETTE MEDAL

[WITH PHOTO.]

Richard K. Fox, with his characteristic generosity, last week presented Capt. Louis Sorcho, the famous submarine diver, with a beautiful gold medal to commemorate his extraordinary feat in remaining under water for a period longer than was previously performed by any living person. Capt. Sorcho distinguished himself on June 11, at the West End Exposition, New Orleans, by beating the previous world's record of 8 hours 2 minutes and 15 seconds, by 19 minutes and 30 seconds.

Mr. Ed J. Toledano acted as timekeeper, while Dr. J. Moore Soniat was the head of the corps of physicians present. At 3:02:00 the diver entered his big tank, and he remained in the water until 11:23:45. This gave him a record of 8 hours 21 minutes and 45 seconds, which is 19 minutes and 30 seconds longer than the longest official test. He now claims the world's championship. On the day following Capt. Sorcho began the destruction of the wreck which lies to the west of the canal's mouth.

The board of control of the canal contracted for the destruction of this wreck. A schooner, during a heavy north gale, went to pieces just 300 feet from the lighthouse, and has proved a dangerous obstacle to navigation ever since. It is this wreck which will be blown up. Capt. Sorcho successfully accomplished this feat also.

On behalf of Richard K. Fox, Capt. Sorcho was presented with the medal at the Exposition on Sunday last before an assemblage of 20,000 people.

STEPHEN FIGLIOLA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Stephen Figliola is the owner of a first-class shaving parlor at 768 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa., and the inventor and manufacturer of the "Best of All" Shampoo, a preparation that has considerable merit.

FRED ANDE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred Ande is a drummer and all around sport of Milwaukee, Wis. His home is at 1420 Walnut street. He is an adept ball player and a close follower of affairs pugilistic. He is also an admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE which he has been taking for years.

M. P. McINERNEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

M. P. McInerney, who is well known in Sacramento and San Francisco, Cal., as an up-to-date mixologist, is now tending bar at the California Brewery, the largest and most popular resort and concert hall in Butte City, Mont. He thoroughly understands his business.

RICHARD STAATS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known of the younger set of sporting men in Brooklyn, N. Y., is Richard Staats, whose father keeps a finely stocked sporting goods store. Staats is a very good boxer, and he can always be found at the ringside when a good match is on.

VESTA TILLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are few more versatile women on the stage to-day than Vesta Tilley, who, it is announced, will shortly visit this country in a professional capacity. She is undoubtedly a clever artiste and she will, no doubt, repeat her previous successes.

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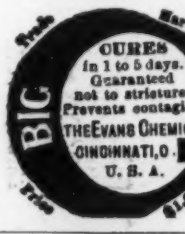

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York

BARBERS WHO ARE FAMOUS

Charles H. Hertzog, Owner of a Fine Shop at Allentown, Pa.

Charles H. Hertzog, the well-known proprietor of a handsomely fitted-up tonsorial parlor at 619 Union street, Allentown, Pa., is quite clever with the shears and blade. He has been a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE for over nine years, and claims it to be the only reliable journal of its kind published. He says no shop is complete without it. He is a member of the K. M. C.

John H. Pfefler, owner of a fine shaving and hair cutting parlor at 83 Hudson avenue, Albany, N. Y., is one of the most popular men in town.

IT WASN'T ON THE BILLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Because she didn't have a husband, a brother or even a cousin to defend her, a good looking young woman, recently a member of a comic opera company, undertook to do some defending on her own account while the company was playing a Boston engagement.

The curtain had gone up on the second act, and the orchestra was getting in the preliminaries, when an angry girl in a pretty costume dashed from the wings, drew a switch and began to wield it vigorously over the footlights. The leader of the orchestra fended off the lash with his baton, but she tried for a knockout blow until a stage hand rushed from the wings, caught her around the waist and almost carried her off the stage.

It was all done in an instant and the audience seemed too dazed to understand. The specialty was hurried on, and in listening to it the audience forgot all about the whipping, and some thought it an incident of the show. Meanwhile the whipper was gloating over her victory and a bit angry because she did not have more of it, while the stage manager was trying to find out how it all happened.

She had had trouble with the leader because she had held a note too long, and had talked back when he rebuked her over the footlights. She thirsted for revenge, and laid deep plans to get it. According to her story, the musical conductor had actually "swore" at her over the footlights when she held that note.

The leader knew what to expect the moment he saw her, but he says he did not deserve such treatment. He denies that he swore at her, but admits that he rebuked her for holding a note too long, and that he demanded her discharge because she had talked back.

PATSEY SHEPPARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most noted sporting resorts in New England is conducted by Mr. Patsey Sheppard at 766 Washington street, Boston. Mr. Sheppard's establishment has been the resort of the leading sporting and theatrical men when visiting Boston. His collection of sporting pictures is unexcelled in New England and commands the admiration of the sporting fraternity. Here you can meet not only present people but also all the old timers, and at most any hour of the day may be found celebrities who go out of their way to call on Patsey Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard is an extremely modest man in spite of the record which he holds. He has sometimes been known to refuse to see over exuberant people who call themselves his friends. Mr. Sheppard's peculiarities are known to those who are intimately acquainted with him, and certain peculiarities of expression of his face are sure guides to the appreciation of the personality of his intimate friends.

Mr. Sheppard's establishment is conducted on strict lines and ably presided over by one of the cleverest clerks in the country, Mr. Fred Carlyle, and constant vigilance is exercised to take care of his customers. One of the strongest recommendations of Mr. Sheppard's resort is the implicit confidence placed in him by out of town visitors who come to see Boston. They feel perfectly safe in patronizing him and always go away with pleasant impressions of Boston.

Among his collection of pictures are valuable prints of English race horses notably Flying Fox, winner of the Derby Stakes for 1899. Mr. Sheppard has one of the very few prints of this winner brought to this country.

BARBERS DEMORALIZED.

What occurred in barber shop on a rainy day. Ten cents for the information and it will be mailed to your address, rolled in a tube. You can frame it, too. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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HIGH KICKING FOR BON BONS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When a party of girls get together and don't know what to do, they attempt something which they know they ought not to do. For instance, a dozen young women, who are at a summer boarding school at Memphis, Tenn., found themselves without occupation one afternoon recently, and they promptly arranged a high kicking match, the prize being a five-pound box of bon bons. They had what is known in the female language as a "lovely time," and they kicked high enough to put a professional to shame. Everything would have been all right, and this story would not have been written had not one of the "kickers" thrown her hip out of joint in an attempt to reach the ceiling. Then it all came out, and now the good old lady who runs the school is doing the kicking.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

G. Grant Williams, who is owner of a barber shop at 209 Pearl street, Hartford, Conn., is said to be the best all-around barber, sporting man and general hustler in the State. His shop is handsomely fitted up and his trade is of the best in town. He was born in Peekskill, N. Y., and is well known from Maine to Florida, and from New York to California. He is considered authority on all sporting events and keeps the POLICE GAZETTE and "Sporting Annual" constantly on hand, which he uses to settle many disputes and wagers. He has been located in the Capital City for five years; prior to that time he travelled; is well known as a baseball player, heel and toe walker, sparrer, jumper, also a good pool and billiard player, and can hold up his end in casting the fly and bringing down big game. He visited Maine last fall and brought home several deer and partridges. He is on the eligible list for appointment on the police force in Hartford.

THE SIMPSONS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

James Simpson, the "Police Gazette" champion drummer and xylophone expert, will this month sail for Europe to defend his title. He will be accompanied by his wife, Florence, who is also a very fine performer.

MEDICAL.

MEN

C. J. Carter, M. D. L. L. D. Pres't St. James Association.

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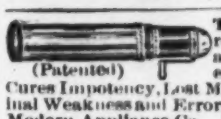

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Assurance guaranteed. All seminal losses stopped. Send $1.00 for trial treatment. P. O. BOX 2102, BOSTON, MASS.

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BARTENDERS WHO ARE EXPERT

"Bob" Fester, Liquid Juggler for T. J. Sander, Jr., Newark.

There are no drinks which Bob Fester, who is behind the bar at T. J. Sander, Jr.'s, place at 86 Commerce street, Newark, N. J., cannot mix, and furthermore there is nothing in the sporting line which he cannot talk intelligently about. He is a veteran, but not a very old one, of the Spanish war, and he went away with the Twelfth New York. He has many friends and he reads the POLICE GAZETTE, which is a good enough recommendation for any man.

BARTENDERS NOTES.

When in Boston call at the saloon of William Le Clair & Co., 856 Washington street.

One of the finest cafes in Hyde Park, N. Y., is The Ca-too-fee, owned by Sydney J. Beckett.

James J. McFadden, a saloonman of 640 Broad-way, Albany, is a most enthusiastic horseman.

Pendergast & Co., of 52 Beach street, Boston, Mass., are the owners of one of the finest saloons in the city.

The Globe Cafe, 358 Asylum street, Hartford, Conn., is owned by W. F. Cox, a prince of good fellows.

A most popular saloon at Dayton, O., is The Office, owned by John J. Stoickiem. It is at 38 East Third street.

Pool and shuffleboard are among the many at-tractions of The Marble Pillar Cafe, 22 Central Row, Hartford, Conn.

One of the best known sporting men in Hor-nellsville, N. Y., is Charles A. Blackman, owner of Blackman's Hotel.

S. Johnson, who owns a fine saloon at 116 Crown street, New Haven, Conn., keeps a particularly fine line of wet goods.

John J. Magennis, whose saloon is at 1323 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., is a great lover of thoroughbred horses and dogs.

William H. Shine, wine and liquor dealer at 346 S. Main street, Providence, R. I., makes a specialty of fine whiskies.

One of the favorite stopping places for trav-elers in Fall River, Mass., is the McKinley House, owned by J. J. Duvally.

M. Riley, a well-known sporting man of Gen-eva, N. Y., is the popular proprietor of the Hotel Dewey, at 354 Exchange street.

One of the most popular resorts in New Haven, Conn., is the wine and billiard room at 55 Orange street, owned by A. W. Tibbetts.

Frank M. Bronk, proprietor of the Crystal Club, at 82 Broadway, Greenbush, N. Y., is a great admirer of thoroughbred horses.

The sporting men in Fall River, Mass., pa-tronize Daniel Murphy, who has a wholesale and retail place at 208 to 214 Bedford street.

Chas. J. Winans, owner of The Empire Cafe at 95 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., has the finest collection of pictures of thoroughbred horses in the State.

Arthur Regan, of Washington, D. C., son of Tim Regan, one of the old-time saloonmen of the National Capital, wants a partner with sufficient capital to open up a swell saloon in the city of lawmakers.

When doing business in West Bethlehem and having that dry, tired feeling call at the Fourth Avenue Hotel, D. P. Bennethum proprietor. A reading room is connected with this hotel where the POLICE GAZETTE can always be found on file.

ROYAL FIZZ.

(By "Doc" Dortic, Royal Music Hall, Savannah, Ga.)

Use a mixing glass; one white of an egg; one tablespoonful of powdered sugar; one jigger of Tom gin; one jigger of sweet milk. Put in ice; shake well; strain in sour glass; fill up with Apollinaris water, with nutmeg on top.

MORE FIGHTING AT TUCKAHOE.

The fistic arena at Tuckahoe, N. Y., wherein Terry McGovern and "Pedlar" Palmer fought their memorable battle, was reopened on June 30 with a series of boxing bouts. The first bout was between Barney Reilly, of New York, and Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn. It was scheduled for ten rounds and went the limit. The decision was a draw. The second go was between Jim Barnett, of New York, and "Buck" Farley, of Brooklyn and was to last ten rounds. In the sixth round Farley planted a blow right over Barnett's heart, knocking him out.

The important event was a bout scheduled between Jack Lowry, of New York, and Austin Rice. It was announced at the close of the last preliminary that Rice had forfeited because he was over weight. Jimmy Kelly, of Boston, took his place, the distance being ten rounds. In the eighth Lowry planted a left swing on the jaw, which floored Kelly. The referee then awarded the fight to Lowry to the disgust of the audience, who were howling "foul!" The referee was Lee Allen.

DAVE SULLIVAN FOULED BROAD.

Referee Madden Took Cognizance of it and Promptly Disqualified Him.

There was a pretty well defined opinion among the spectators of the fight between "Kid" Broad and Dave Sullivan at Coney Island, on July 3, that the latter purposely fouled his opponent with the evident intention of being disqualified and in that manner being relieved of the necessity of fighting any longer. Sullivan was a pretty badly used up individual at this juncture and had the battle gone on to the end he could not have won barring an accident, so in the sixteenth round the little Irishman realized that he would inevitably lose, and hit Broad so low in the groin that Referee Madden could not fail to take cognizance of it and terminated the proceedings by disqualifying him.

The fight throughout was a slugging and clinching one, but it was all Broad's way. Sullivan's face was battered to strings. He dug in many business-like raps to Broad's middle works, but they did not make any halt in the "Kid's" endeavor until the sixteenth round, when Sullivan caught Broad a left hand punch lower than a fair fighter punches, and Madden gave the battle to Broad on a foul. Broad was winning by a mile when the foul occurred.

"Cyclone" Tom Quinn and Sam Bolan went twelve rounds at catch weights—about 135 pounds—in the preliminary. Madden gave the fight to Bolan.

SORCHO'S POLICE GAZETTE MEDAL

[WITH PHOTO.]

Richard K. Fox, with his characteristic generosity, last week presented Capt. Louis Sorcho, the famous submarine diver, with a beautiful gold medal to commemorate his extraordinary feat in remaining under water for a period longer than was previously performed by any living person. Capt. Sorcho distinguished himself on June 11, at the West End Exposition, New Orleans, by beating the previous world's record of 8 hours 2 minutes and 15 seconds, by 19 minutes and 30 seconds.

Mr. Ed J. Toledano acted as timekeeper, while Dr. J. Moore Souiat was the head of the corps of physicians present. At 3:02:00 the diver entered his big tank, and he remained in the water until 11:23:45. This gave him a record of 8 hours 21 minutes and 45 seconds, which is 19 minutes and 30 seconds longer than the longest official test. He now claims the world's championship. On the day following Capt. Sorcho began the destruction of the wreck which lies to the west of the canal's mouth.

The board of control of the canal contracted for the destruction of this wreck. A schooner, during a heavy north gale, went to pieces just 300 feet from the lighthouse, and has proved a dangerous obstacle to navigation ever since. It is this wreck which will be blown up. Capt. Sorcho successfully accomplished this feat also.

On behalf of Richard K. Fox, Capt. Sorcho was presented with the medal at the Exposition on Sunday last before an assemblage of 20,000 people.

STEPHEN FIGLIOLA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Stephen Figliola is the owner of a first-class shaving parlor at 768 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa., and the inventor and manufacturer of the "Best of All" Shampoo, a preparation that has considerable merit.

FRED ANDE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred Ande is a drummer and all around sport of Milwaukee, Wis. His home is at 1420 Walnut street. He is an adept ball player and a close follower of affairs pugilistic. He is also an admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE which he has been taking for years.

M. P. McINERNEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

M. P. McInerney, who is well known in Sacramento and San Francisco, Cal., as an up-to-date mixologist, is now tending bar at the California Brewery, the largest and most popular resort and concert hall in Butte City, Mont. He thoroughly understands his business.

RICHARD STAATS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best known of the younger set of sporting men in Brooklyn, N. Y., is Richard Staats, whose father keeps a finely stocked sporting goods store. Staats is a very good boxer, and he can always be found at the ringside when a good match is on.

VESTA TILLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are few more versatile women on the stage to-day than Vesta Tilley, who, it is announced, will shortly visit this country in a professional capacity. She is undoubtedly a clever artiste and she will, no doubt, repeat her previous successes.

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In ordering send money to cover express charges both ways and we will ship with privilege of full examination. Also manufacturers of the OWL, JUDGE, DUPLEX, DEWEY and many others. Catalogue free on application. Yours truly,

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To be superior to any five-way slot machine on the market. A perfect machine throughout.

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CARDS AND DICE Finest work in the country. The old reliable. R. A. SLACK & CO., 125 S. Clark St., Chicago.

POINTERS That show how to win with Cards and Dice. AUSTIN NOV. CO., Austin, Ill.

MARKED CARDS. Deck by mail, $1. Crap dice, $3. Catalogue free. J. L. HOLLIS, Swanton, Ohio.

BLOCK OUT INK. Sample free. Cards, Dice. JOHN F. SKINNER, 137½ 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

PUBLICATIONS.

A PEEP at her mysteries. Effects of a sporting life. 96 page book for men. 27 pictures true to life. Sent sealed for 10c in stamps. G. L. Henderson, Drawer W., Kansas City, Mo.

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Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhœa and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubebs and copaiba, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it *the most valuable known remedy.* To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, $1.00. Sold by all druggists.

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Original and Only Genuine. Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. 2836 Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Chronic GONORRHEA And Gleet Cured in 6 to 12 Days.

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Positively a speedy and absolute cure. $1.50 per box, at druggists or by mail. Write for free treatise and testimonials.

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Big G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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An unexcelled Uterine Supporter.

The center tube holds it in position, and it cannot become misplaced. It is soft, light, and comfortable, easily placed in position, and just as easily removed. Ask your Druggist, or send for descriptive circular to WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Phila.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Free Cure For Men.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 2566 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly sends this wonderful receipt free to suffering men

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will supply spinal nutrition, create desire and cure Seminal Weakness resulting from abuse and youthful errors. Particulars mailed free. A guaranteed cure. Price, $1.00. Confidential. NERVOID CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 151, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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TANSY PILLS Monthly regulator; safe and sure; never fails. Woman's Safe Guard Free. Wilcox Med. Co., 829 N. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

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Just the thing to preserve your copy of the POLICE GAZETTE. Price 10 cents. Mailed to your address.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

BARBERS WHO ARE FAMOUS

Charles H. Hertzog, Owner of a Fine Shop at Allentown, Pa.

Charles H. Hertzog, the well-known proprietor of a handsomely fitted-up tonsorial parlor at 619 Union street, Allentown, Pa., is quite clever with the shears and blade. He has been a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE for over nine years, and claims it to be the only reliable journal of its kind published. He says no shop is complete without it. He is a member of the K. M. C.

John H. Pfefler, owner of a fine shaving and hair cutting parlor at 83 Hudson avenue, Albany, N. Y., is one of the most popular men in town.

IT WASN'T ON THE BILLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Because she didn't have a husband, a brother or even a cousin to defend her, a good looking young woman, recently a member of a comic opera company, undertook to do some defending on her own account while the company was playing a Boston engagement.

The curtain had gone up on the second act, and the orchestra was getting in the preliminaries, when an angry girl in a pretty costume dashed from the wings, drew a switch and began to wield it vigorously over the footlights. The leader of the orchestra fended off the lash with his baton, but she tried for a knockout blow until a stage hand rushed from the wings, caught her around the waist and almost carried her off the stage.

It was all done in an instant and the audience seemed too dazed to understand. The specialty was hurried on, and in listening to it the audience forgot all about the whipping, and some thought it an incident of the show. Meanwhile the whipper was gloating over her victory and a bit angry because she did not have more of it, while the stage manager was trying to find out how it all happened.

She had had trouble with the leader because she had held a note too long, and had talked back when he rebuked her over the footlights. She thirsted for revenge, and laid deep plans to get it. According to her story, the musical conductor had actually "swore" at her over the footlights when she held that note.

The leader knew what to expect the moment he saw her, but he says he did not deserve such treatment. He denies that he swore at her, but admits that he rebuked her for holding a note too long, and that he demanded her discharge because she had talked back.

PATSEY SHEPPARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most noted sporting resorts in New England is conducted by Mr. Patsey Sheppard at 766 Washington street, Boston. Mr. Sheppard's establishment has been the resort of the leading sporting and theatrical men when visiting Boston. His collection of sporting pictures is unexcelled in New England and commands the admiration of the sporting fraternity. Here you can meet not only present people but also all the old timers, and at most any hour of the day may be found celebrities who go out of their way to call on Patsey Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard is an extremely modest man in spite of the record which he holds. He has sometimes been known to refuse to see over exuberant people who call themselves his friends. Mr. Sheppard's peculiarities are known to those who are intimately acquainted with him, and certain peculiarities of expression of his face are sure guides to the appreciation of the personality of his intimate friends.

Mr. Sheppard's establishment is conducted on strict lines and ably presided over by one of the cleverest clerks in the country, Mr. Fred Carlyle, and constant vigilance is exercised to take care of his customers. One of the strongest recommendations of Mr. Sheppard's resort is the implicit confidence placed in him by out of town visitors who come to see Boston. They feel perfectly safe in patronizing him and always go away with pleasant impressions of Boston.

Among his collection of pictures are valuable prints of English race horses notably Flying Fox, winner of the Derby Stakes for 1899. Mr. Sheppard has one of the very few prints of this winner brought to this country.

BARBERS DEMORALIZED.

What occurred in barber shop on a rainy day. Ten cents for the information and it will be mailed to your address, rolled in a tube. You can frame it, too. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAVID SHREWSBURY
Retired Champion Buck and Wing Dancer of the World,
Invites old and new performers to call and see me, as I have retired from the profession, and I will probably be beneficial to them; also an extended hand to any one in need in the theatrical business. Respectfully, Dave Shrewsbury,
450 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Theatrical Headquarters.

MOUTH-HARP PLAYERS! Big Money selling The New Harp-o-chord-Harp and Zither combined. 17 inches long. 10 times louder than mouth-harp alone. Easy to learn. Our fine Mouthharp sent for 6 names harp players and 14c postage. Catalogue Free. HARP-O-CHORD CO., 55 L St., Columbus, O.

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GENUINE Rubber Goods; Protectors, etc. 1 doz., $1; 6 doz., $5. Best Fr. imported. Indispensable. Dealers supplied. Do not call; address per letter: The Cosmos Co., 81 4th Ave., New York.

MONEY for live, energetic hustlers in mills, manufactories, cigar stores, barber shops, saloons and other places. It's as good a seller as a lottery ticket. Address CHAS. JOHNSON, P. O. Box 897, Chicago, Ill.

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TATTOO marks removed without injury. Secret so you can do it yourself. 50 cts. Address P. A. HALLINGBY, OSAGE, IOWA.

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RUBBER GOODS. New Invention. Particulars 2c. stamp. P. O. Box 2723, N. Y. City.

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BOOKS! Photos! etc. Send stamp for sealed circular. C. Conroy, 122 Park Row, New York.

Was It Gracie's Fault? Well, hardly. *Illustrated* book. 10c. secure. Orient Pub. Co., (A), Waterville, Me.

RARE PHOTOS, BOOKS, etc. List, 2c. Sample, 10c. Crescent Agency, Sta. 1, Hoboken, N. J.

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GET MARRIED 5,000 ladies are very anxious to marry. Many very rich. Photos and big sealed list with full description and residence 2c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Star Agency, Box 2, Austin, Ill.

HUSBAND WANTED. ANY MAN willing to MARRY a plain-looking but RICH LADY may SEND his ADDRESS to MISS. OK., 8 CLIMAX OFFICE, CHICAGO. X

HIGH KICKING FOR BON BONS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When a party of girls get together and don't know what to do, they attempt something which they know they ought not to do. For instance, a dozen young women, who are at a summer boarding school at Memphis, Tenn., found themselves without occupation one afternoon recently, and they promptly arranged a high kicking match, the prize being a five-pound box of bon bons. They had what is known in the female language as a "lovely time," and they kicked high enough to put a professional to shame. Everything would have been all right, and this story would not have been written had not one of the "kickers" thrown her hip out of joint in an attempt to reach the ceiling. Then it all came out, and now the good old lady who runs the school is doing the kicking.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

G. Grant Williams, who is owner of a barber shop at 209 Pearl street, Hartford, Conn., is said to be the best all-around barber, sporting man and general hustler in the State. His shop is handsomely fitted up and his trade is of the best in town. He was born in Peekskill, N. Y., and is well known from Maine to Florida, and from New York to California. He is considered authority on all sporting events and keeps the POLICE GAZETTE and "Sporting Annual" constantly on hand, which he uses to settle many disputes and wagers. He has been located in the Capital City for five years; prior to that time he travelled; is well known as a baseball player, heel and toe walker, sparrer, jumper, also a good pool and billiard player, and can hold up his end in casting the fly and bringing down big game. He visited Maine last fall and brought home several deer and partridges. He is on the eligible list for appointment on the police force in Hartford.

THE SIMPSONS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

James Simpson, the "Police Gazette" champion drummer and xylophone expert, will this month sail for Europe to defend his title. He will be accompanied by his wife, Florence, who is also a very fine performer.

MEDICAL.

MEN Cured While You Sleep In 15 Days.

C. J. Carter, M. D. L. L. D. Pres't St. James Association.

"Gran-Solvent" dissolves Stricture like snow beneath the sun, reduces ENLARGED PROSTATE, and strengthens the Seminal Ducts, stopping drains and emissions IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

No drugs to ruin the stomach, but a direct local and positive application to the entire Urethal Tract.

GRAN-SOLVENT is the wonder of the century. Discovered by the Chemist Fabrion, it quickly interested the great Scientist and Physician, Erdman, who developed it and proclaimed that marvelous action in Urethal Ailments which electrified the world.

At an enormous expense DR. C. J. CARTER outstripped all competitors and secured exclusive control on the Western Continent for the ST. JAMES ASSOCIATION.

Gran-Solvent is not a liquid. It is prepared in the form of Crayons or Pencils, smooth and flexible, and so narrow as to pass the closest Stricture.

Every Man Should Know Himself.

The venerable Dr. C. J. Carter, President of the St. James Association, has prepared at great expense an exhaustive illustrated Treatise upon the male system, which the association will send to any male applicant **FREE!**

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Do you lack Sexual Power? USE CACTUS CURE.
An outwardly applied salve THAT'S CACTUS CURE.
Gives the development of a Giant! DOES CACTUS CURE.
Well men use Cactus Cure because it Enlarges, Rejuvenates, Strengthens and Sustains.
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IT ASTONISHES THE WORLD
New and scientific sexual organ appliance for men. Never fails. One will last you a lifetime. No medicine to take. A sure cure for lost manhood. Endorsed by leading physicians. Patented by the government. Price, $2.00. Send for illustrated circular. Address APPLIANCE CO., Drawer D 537, Jackson, Mich.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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MEDICAL.

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TRADE MARK.

Have you read my little book, "Three Classes of Men?" If not, write for same. It is sent in plain, sealed envelope free on request, and embodies the truths I have learned from 30 years' experience. It tells of my famous DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT, with electric suspensory, the world's greatest home self-treatment for all results of youthful errors, etc., such as Drains, Losses, Impotency, Lame Back and Varicocele. Worn at night, it gives strength while you sleep. No stomach wrecking drugs. 7,000 cured in 1899. Write for book to-day. I answer all letters personally, or the belt can be examined at my office.

Dr. S. B. SANDEN, 826 B'way, New York.

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Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Manhood, Night Losses, Nervous Debility, Small Weak Parts, Varicocele, etc. Address G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1483, Marshall, Mich.

A POSITIVE CURE without medicine—ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES will cure the most obstinate cases. No nauseous doses. Price $1.50. Sold by druggists. Send for circular. J. C. Allan Co., P. O. Box 2996, New York.

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A trial treatment sent free to all who suffer with Syphilis, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, chancres, ulcerations, falling hair, etc. Address State Medical Institute, 153 Electron Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., to-day for a free trial package.

SYPHILIS or contagious Blood Poison, producing copper colored spots, pimples, sore throat, aches, old sores, ulcers, hair falling, etc., quickly, positively and forever cured without the use of Mercury by the wonderful HERBALIS COMPOUND. Full information and a bottle for trial sent free of charge to all sufferers. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1299 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly sends this wonderful receipt free to suffering men

Prevent It! Better than endure and cure. The great London Preventative is positively guaranteed to prevent contracting Gonorrhœa, etc. Medicated slips for external use only. Easily carried in vest-pocket. Buy at once. 50 applications in plain wrapper, $1.00. Address, Capital City Chemical Company, Lansing, Mich.

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NEW LIFE!

Assurance guaranteed. All seminal losses stopped. Send $1.00 for trial treatment. P. O. BOX 2102, BOSTON, MASS.

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SPECIFIC MIXTURE

Cures Private Diseases, $1.00 a bottle. All Druggists

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For lost manhood will be sent in plain sealed envelope to sufferers from sexual excesses emissions, varicocele. West. Res. Med. Co. (Inc. in Ohio), Drawer B, Cleveland, O.

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LAFAYETTE CAPSULES, 50 CENTS. Sure cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleet. Sent sealed by mail, 55c. R. H. LUTHIN, Druggist, 191 Bowery, New York.

MEN unfit for business or marriage through excesses can be regenerated by my special treatment. It restores power, memory; makes weak men strong. Write for book "Men Only." Dr. Hewlin, Buffalo, N.Y.

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FREE TO LADIES A Monthly Regulator that is harmless and CANNOT FAIL —Mrs. B. Rowan, Milwaukee, Wis.

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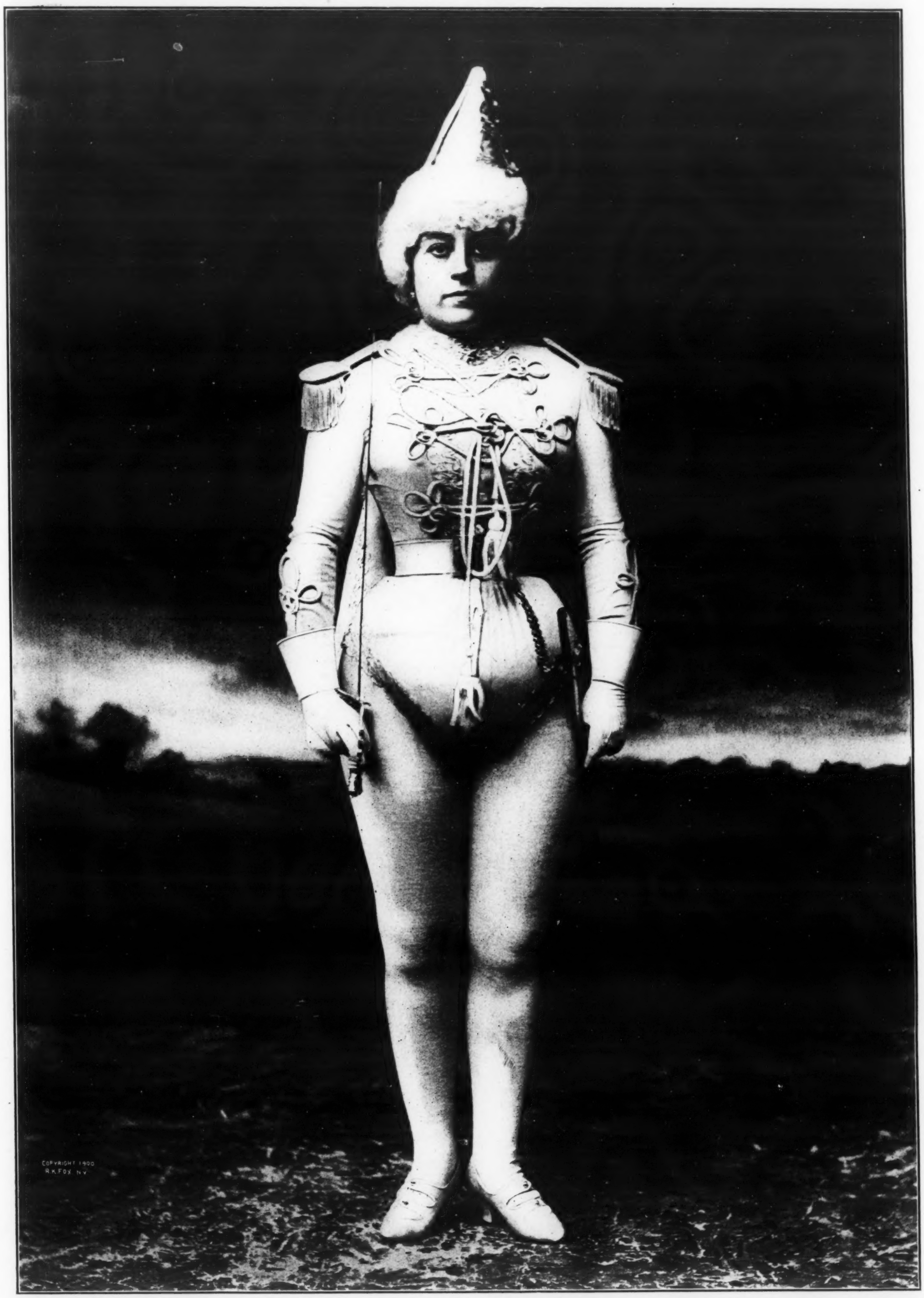
JUL 11 1900

IT WASN'T ON THE BILLS.

A LITTLE ACT BETWEEN A CHORUS GIRL AND THE LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA IN A BOSTON, MASS., THEATRE, IN WHICH THE FORMER MADE A HIT.



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